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Vol. 45 No. 4

ED ROLLINS: WHAT THE G.O.P. FORGOT

Why *Not* Gays in the Military?

NATIONAL REVIEW

The World We Avoided

The New York Times.

1943 The New York Times Company.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1943

ROOSEVELT, HITLER REACH AGREEMENT AT CONFERENCE HELD IN CASABLANCA; LEADERS ENVISION 'NEW WORLD ORDER'

Halifax, Mosley Endorse Treaty; Stalin, Tojo Taken by Surprise

By Wireless to The New York Times

CASABLANCA, March 10—President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Chancellor Adolf Hitler met in Casablanca today to initial a pact of nonaggression, widely understood as designed to show solidarity against the Japanese Empire.

President Roosevelt hailed the move as "a step toward world peace and world resistance to aggression." Chancellor Hitler agreed, saying he regarded the pact as the "culmination of my long struggle for peace."

The pact was applauded in England by the Prime Minister, Lord Halifax, who signed a peace treaty with Mr. Hitler in May, and by the new Labour Party leader, Sir Oswald Mosley. The former Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, en route to Fulton, Mo., for a speech, could not be reached for comment.

The dictators in Tokyo and Moscow greeted the surprising move with silence. While it is thought unlikely that Germany could spare troops from its Russian front to aid the American war effort in the Pacific, Air Marshal Hermann Goering

Continued on Page Six

House, Senate Leaders Enthusiastic; Hope for Early Ratification of Pact

By JAMES P. IGNOTO

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, March 20—Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn and [illegible] cation of the German–American treaty without delay. [illegible] Senator Barkley warned

Chancellor Hitler, President Roosevelt

First Lady Serves Hot Dogs; Hitler Prefers Sauerkraut

CASABLANCA — Eleanor Roosevelt, accompanying her husband to the historic summit, treated diplomats and leaders gathered here to an American picnic lunch at the U.S. consulate. An awkward moment was avoided when Mr. Hitler declined Mrs. Roosevelt's frankfurters but took a double helping of sauerkraut. (The German leader is a vegetarian.) His companion, Miss Eva Braun, cheerfully accepted the franks, charming the Americans with her down-to-earth manner.

The First Lady, well-known as a patron of lib-

Continued on Page Six

PRAISE OF PACT

Kennedy, Lindbergh Welcome 'Spirit of Casablanca'

STIMSON RESISTS

By The Associated Press

WASHINGTON—In a joint press conference, former ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy and aviator Charles Lindbergh applauded the U.S.–German pact. Mr. Kennedy welcomed the "Spirit of Casablanca," noting his "long support of closer ties between the two great nations." Mr. Lindbergh expressed his satisfaction that the Administration "has finally put America first."

But some in Washington were dismayed by the move. In a resignation letter, Col. Henry Stimson, Secretary of War, who is said to be the leader of a bull-necked faction of the Administration that is seeking to revive the Anglo–American anti-German alliance, wrote that he could not be a party to "a shameful capitulation." Col. Stimson and former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill are believed to have arranged a meeting to take place during Mr.

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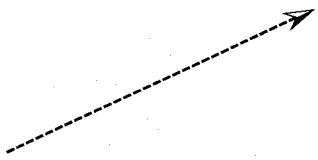

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Audit Bureau

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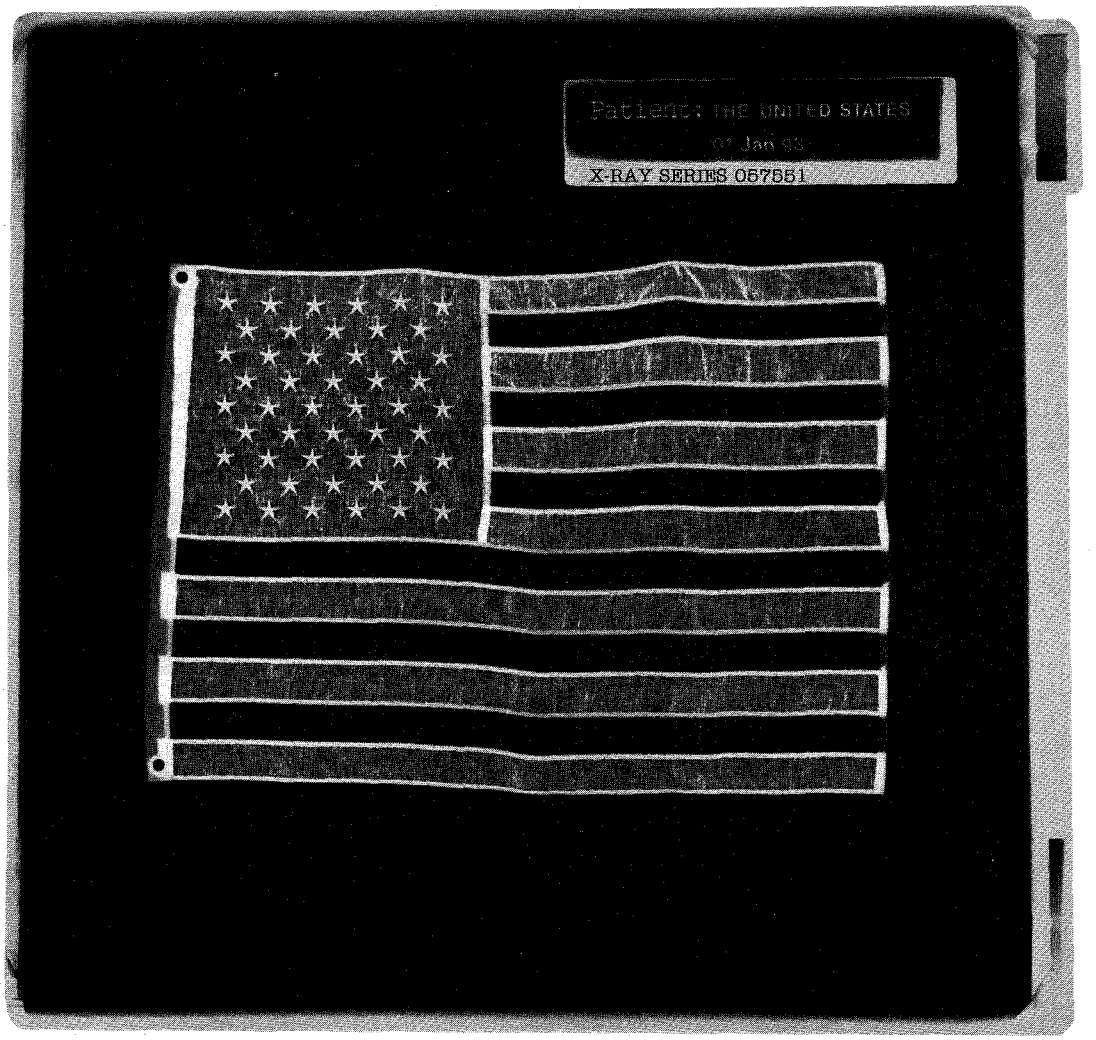

What this country needs is health care that's been given a thorough examination.

Legislation for health care reform may be the toughest decision the 103rd Congress will ever have to make. A national magazine compared it to a process as complicated as overhauling the old Soviet economy. But it is long overdue.

As we see it, whatever legislation is enacted, certain criteria are essential for truly effective health care reform.

Does it provide guidelines for appropriate care?

Two patients with the same diagnosis who live in different communities shouldn't be treated differently. Both patients should be treated based on the best clinical knowledge available. In the past there has been little review of the appropriateness of individual treatments. In fact, some medical experts have concluded that up to 30 percent of all medical procedures may not be worthwhile.

We believe there should be explicit guidelines developed to determine which particular medical procedures produce the best patient outcomes, and which do not.

Does the plan encourage preventive care?

A plan that only provides benefits once a person has become sick, doesn't make much sense. Checkups, tests, and other measures that help people stay healthy are much more effective and a lot less expensive than treating people after they become ill.

Does it improve the delivery of health care?

The current incentive to provide more services rather than use medical resources more efficiently is a major reason why health care costs are well on their way to absorbing 18 percent of the economy by the year 2000.

The goal, as we see it, is to make sure all Americans receive quality health care at an affordable cost.

After all, the patient is us.

To find out more, write: New Approaches to Health Care, The Prudential, 751 Broad St., 16th Fl., Newark, NJ 07102.

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LETTERS

Forcing the Revolution

In "Party in Search of a Leader" ["On the Scene," Feb. 1], Geoffrey Morris proffers (I suspect inadvertently) a bit of revisionism. The egregious error in need of correction is found in the statement, "Republicans haven't voted for a party chairman since 1976, when Bill Brock helped set the stage for the Reagan Revolution."

As one who served on the Republican National Committee (representing Washington State) during all four years of Brock's tenure as RNC chairman, let me tell you that the likable gentleman from Tennessee was a Bush Republican who had to be dragged, feet first, into the Reagan Revolution. He certainly did nothing to set the stage for it.

Indeed, remember Reaganite Jeffrey Bell who, in 1978, launched a valiant primary challenge to ultra-liberal Clifford Case of New Jersey? Chairman Brock made a substantial contribution of RNC campaign funds to Senator Case well ahead of the primary, and never gave Jeff Bell a penny. (Bell wound up beating Case, but losing to Bill Bradley in the general election.) The same favoritism was shown Senator Lowell Weicker in his re-election campaign—despite the presence of a credible conservative Republican primary opponent.

Dennis Dunn
Vancouver, B.C.

Teacher TV

Edmund Burke once said that before we became too happy that men were able to do as they pleased, we ought to see what it would please them to do. This piece of wisdom came to mind as I read Peter Shaw's "The Competitiveness Illusion" [Jan. 18].

I refer to Mr. Shaw's praising the watching of television as a viable means of learning. Mr. Shaw paints a glowing picture of our children soaking up knowledge in a wide variety of subjects while sitting in front of the boob tube. He might be right, if children in fact watched the programs he mentions. The trouble is, they don't. My children and their friends do not watch the "news programs, nature documentaries, broadcasts of classic plays, and symphony concerts" Mr. Shaw hails for their pedagogic qualities. Instead, they prefer *Saturday Night Live*, *Star Trek*, soap operas, and mindless sitcoms.

For readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, there is an added concern. Our children are unlikely to get any real education from television. They are far more likely to get indoctrination from an "entertainment establishment" that bears a striking resemblance to the "education establishment" Mr. Shaw rightly derides.

Kenneth T. Pawulski
Nepean, Ont.

Broken Ranks

Elliott Abrams's analysis ["Breaking Ranks," Jan. 18] of the "Republican loss in November" somewhat obscures the object of loyalty. He slides from loyalty to Party in the first paragraph, to George Bush's sin of disloyalty to "conservative principles." From there he moves to comparing who was most loyal to George Bush: the Christian Right, paleo-cons, some neo-cons, other neo-cons.

If George Bush frequently abandoned conservative principles, as Mr. Abrams states, why should conservatives have remained loyal to him? Loyalty to principle is different from loyalty to a person or loyalty to a party. My leader right or wrong is about as bad as, My party right or wrong. Let's face it. Conservatives of any stripe were let down by George Bush and had some pretty sad prudential judgments to make last year. Rather than asking who's to blame, a better question for conservatives to ask is: Where do we go from here?

Michael Y. Warder
Executive Vice President
The Rockford Institute
Rockford, Ill.

Elliott Abrams's description of the division between "the Clinton backers and most neo-cons" is insightful and useful. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Abrams's analysis is conducted from the perspective of what he believes to be the majority conservative stream.

The difficulties which both streams encountered with the Democratic Party began with the McGovern Commission reforms of 1970 and the 1972 campaign. Because we held fast to our basic world outlook and openly fought the New Politics movement we were termed "neo-conservatives" by writers who sought somehow to distinguish us from what had become the new "liberal" mainstream. During the two decades which followed, and especially during the Reagan Administration which embraced so many of our kind, some drifted into a genuinely conservative posture, but others of us did not and have never accepted the description of us as "neo-conservatives."

Mr. Abrams's explanation that there was no "split among the neos," but rather "a shakeout that separated the neo-conservatives from their Democratic fellow-travelers," gets to the matter of perspective. It serves no useful purpose to argue whether we are the misnamed neo-cons and Mr. Abrams's group are just plain conservatives, or whether we are Democratic fellow-travelers to conservatives, neo-cons, or whatever. This much is clear about the pro-Clintonites. We share certain foreign-policy attitudes with many mainstream conservatives, whether "neo" or not, and certain domestic-policy priorities with mainstream Democrats. That's what makes us, as Mr. Abrams says, Scoop Jackson or George Meany Democrats and, we should add, Bill Clinton Democrats.

Peter R. Rosenblatt
Washington, D.C.

It's Economics, Chicken!

After reading Alan Reynolds's article "Seminar in Sycophancy" [Jan. 18], I felt compelled to write NATIONAL REVIEW and explain a rule of thumb used by citizens of Arkansas to gauge how the economy was doing under Governor Bill Clinton. My father, who resides in Hot Springs, tells me that it is commonplace, while driving in the great state, to see on the road the remains of chickens that have fallen off trucks on their way to market. He further explained that if the chickens were flat from being run over many times, then the economy was doing rather well. However, if one could see no physical chicken, but only the occasional feather, then the economy was doing rather poorly.

I praise Mr. Reynolds's article as it lends itself to The Flat Chicken Economic Indicator. Now that Mr. Clinton has taken over the Presidency, I shudder to think that one day I might find it necessary to drive the streets of Los Angeles in search of dead chickens or chicken feathers so as to indicate the probability of my landing a job out of law school.

Claude H. Midgette II
West L.A., Calif.

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A view from Washington

BIG THREE SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON CUSTOMERS, NOT WASHINGTON

Washington, D.C.—Washington is filled with the sound of running feet. The smell of opportunity—the first Democratic lease on both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue since Jimmy Carter—has set off a stampede of corporate special interests.

Nowhere is this rush to seek an edge in Washington rather than the marketplace more evident than the great industry of which I have been a part for 40 years. GM, Ford and Chrysler have shown unprecedented unity in their plea for protection, justifying their demand for special treatment by calling Japanese automakers "predatory", "unfair" interlopers and claiming that they—by contrast—are a national asset.

I spent 28 years at Chrysler before joining Toyota more than a decade ago. I still have friends in Detroit and among dealers selling domestic-nameplate vehicles. And it's encouraging to see the progress that the Big Three have made in both product quality and manufacturing productivity since 1980. However, they never would have listened to customers and changed without the spur of Japanese competition stuck firmly into their backsides.

Even while improving, Detroit has kept up a continuous litany of complaint in Washington, managing to change the ground rules for Japanese automakers at least three times during the '80s. First, the "temporary" quotas on Japanese car imports—still in effect 12 years later. Then the demand for a stronger yen, which happened with a 50 percent appreciation over three years, drastically driving up the price of Japanese goods—including cars and trucks. And finally, their demands that "the Japanese build cars here", which all of the major Japanese automakers now do.

In fact, over the past decade Japanese automakers have transferred production of 40 percent of their total U.S. sales to North America--perhaps the biggest and quickest industrial migration in U.S. history. Toyota now has more than $5 billion invested in the U.S. (including $300 million worth of U.S. research and development facilities), employs 16,000 Americans and has paid more U.S. income tax per car sold over the past 5 years than the Big Three combined. In 1992 alone, Toyota purchased $5.2 billion worth of goods, services and automotive parts from 390 U.S. companies, exported 43,500 U.S.-built vehicles and donated $13 million to various U.S. charities. All of which has benefited the U.S. economy and American society.

Now the Big Three are in Washington once again trying to change the ground rules. They say they are acting not out of self-interest, but out of a desire for regulatory uniformity and concern for the country.

Their first demand is that the Clinton Administration redefine imported sports utility vehicles and minivans as "trucks" for customs purposes and levy a 1000 percent tariff increase on them. It's been my experience that Americans use minivans to carry kids, not concrete blocks. That's why we engineered our Previa minivan to meet all passenger-car safety standards—the first minivan to do so. But the Big Three have a strong reason for pushing this misdefinition. Such a punitive tariff increase would price Japanese automakers out of these two lucrative and growing market segments. Never mind that the Big Three already hold 82 percent of the small utility segment and 92 percent of minivan sales. Success in this political endeavor would give them a virtual monopoly in these popular family vehicles. Although this self-serving cartel would severely limit consumer choice, it would allow the Big Three to raise prices unhampered by competitive pressure.

The second prong of their attack is the U.S.-Japan trade deficit. This is the "concern-for-the-country" part. The Big Three chairmen are demanding that Japan "reduce its trade deficit with the U.S. to a manageable level over the next five years by buying more from the U.S. or selling us less." Since 70 percent of the deficit is automotive-related, this would drastically reduce U.S. imports of Japanese vehicles.

No one is pausing to consider the disastrous impact of these restrictions on the American businessmen and women who fulfill the desire of millions of American consumers for high-quality imported vehicles. Our 1,430 dealers alone have more than $4 billion invested in their businesses and employ 68,000 Americans.

The Big Three justify their demands by pointing out that they don't sell much in the "closed" Japanese automotive market. Japan has the same type of rules for certification of imported vehicles as Europe and—unlike the U.S.—no automotive tariffs. The obstacles to success are expensive land, the high retail prices necessary when local distributor costs are spread across initially low volume and the notoriously high standards of Japanese consumers. BMW—which just passed arch-rival Mercedes-Benz in worldwide sales—overcame these difficulties by establishing its own Japanese distributor and now has about the same market share in Japan as it does in the U.S.

Until very recently, the Big Three simply have not tried to increase their exports to Japan. For example, Chrysler just became the first Detroit automaker to export a right-hand drive vehicle to Japan (Japanese drive on the left side of the road). But it is a Jeep with a 4-liter six-cylinder engine when 86 percent of cars purchased by Japanese consumers are compacts with engines of two liters or less. Overall, fewer than one percent of the cars the Big Three offer to Japanese motorists are compacts.

By contrast, Toyota came to the United States 35 years ago with a left-hand drive product, but failed because the rest of the vehicle was unsuitable for the American market. However, the company persisted, listened to customers, learned, tenaciously improved its products and service and eventually succeeded.

There's a lesson here for the Clinton Administration. They should send the Big Three packing, out of Washington and back into the marketplace. Competition and customer satisfaction, not protection, are the keys to long-term success for any company— including the Big Three.

By R.B. McCurry
Vice Chairman
Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A.

A View From Washington is a series of essays sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the magazine.

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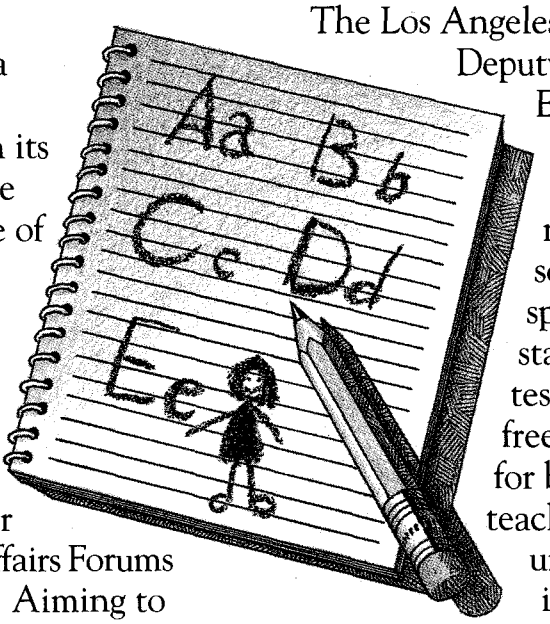
Rethinking Public Education in America

When it comes to explaining the lack of improvement in academic achievement among American children, most people are all too eager to blame the nation's school system. Yet few can agree how best to reshape U.S. elementary and secondary schools to meet the educational challenges of the 1990s.

As a company with a major presence in this country and interest in its well-being, we share the concern about the state of U.S. education.

That's why Hitachi joined forces with the California Chamber of Commerce and other civic-minded organizations to sponsor the California Public Affairs Forums on educational reform. Aiming to develop a consensus on school reform, we invited several hundred educators, business executives, government officials, parents, and journalists from the San Francisco area to hear experts discuss their ideas on educational reform. Two days later in Los Angeles a similar audience heard another prestigious panel address the same topic.



Each forum featured a leading proponent of educational reform as its keynote speaker. In San Francisco, it was William J. Bennett, formerly U.S. Secretary of Education and now a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute. The Los Angeles forum featured former Deputy U.S. Secretary of Education David T. Kearns.

Among the proposed reforms: year-round school attendance; more specialized schools; standardized achievement tests and curricula; and freedom of school choice for both parents and teachers. The speakers also urged greater business involvement in public education.

It's our hope that these ideas will contribute to a growing consensus on educational reform in the U.S.

To obtain copies of the speakers' presentations and other information, write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 35146, Los Angeles, CA 90035.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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FROM THE EDITOR

A Strobe in the Dark

■ Mr. Strobe Talbott, late of *Time* magazine and a Friend of Bill since Oxford, has just been appointed Ambassador-at-Large to the former Soviet Union. He is also joint author, with Michael Beschloss, of a new book on the end of the Cold War. Mr. Talbott, in short, is one of those journalists whom other journalists have in mind when they write those intimidating words: "Experts say . . ."

But what did Mr. Talbott write about the Soviet Union and the Cold War when both were still around? And how expert does it look in retrospect?

In the early 1980s, he wrote several *Time* columns in which he attacked President Reagan's idea of using U.S. technological superiority to outpace the Soviets. The Soviets, he wrote, would always catch up in military technology as they had in the case of MIRVed missiles. They didn't.

In 1983, he argued that the Soviets would never accept the unrealistic zero–zero option, which would therefore obstruct arms control. They did.

In 1989 he claimed that the Soviets would never permit a united Germany to remain within NATO. They did.

And in 1981 he wrote that, despite the hopes of "second-echelon hard-liners in the Reagan Administration" (Richard Perle? Fred Ikle?), the U.S. simply did not have the military or political power to roll back "Soviet domination of Eastern Europe." It did.

Admittedly, we all make mistakes. What is significant about Mr. Talbott's mistakes, however, is the consistent way they exaggerated the power, resilience, and will of the Soviets and underestimated the same qualities on the part of the United States.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when months before the abortive Soviet coup, Mr. Talbott summed up the Cold War in a revisionist first strike in *Time* in which he depicted the Soviet Union as an institutionalized inefficiency that had been no threat to the West; treated President Reagan's defense build-up as a result of paranoia rather than necessity; and concluded that "the doves in the great debate of the last forty years were right all along."

There is a sort of consistency here: in the 1980s, Mr. Talbott judged the Soviet Union too strong to challenge; in the 1990s he looks back and considers it too weak to have been a threat. These opposite analyses, however, drew from him the same proposed response: namely, diplomatic appeasement. So he is able to conclude triumphantly that he was "right all along."

You can see why Bill Clinton likes him.

■ Mr. Clinton's Administration promises to be distressing for the taxpayer, but a veritable feast for connoisseurs of political folly. In order to improve our coverage of Washington and of politics generally, therefore, we have signed up a distinguished list of new Contributing Editors who appear on the masthead in this issue.

They are Elliott Abrams, assistant secretary for inter-American affairs in the Reagan Administration; Hadley Arkes of Amherst College; Peter Brimelow, a senior editor at *Forbes* magazine; Andrew Ferguson, a White House speechwriter under President Bush; Peter Samuel, the environmentalist writer; and former Congressman Vin Weber.

All have written fine pieces for us in the last year—notably Hadley Arkes on Clintonism, Peter Brimelow on immigration, and Peter Samuel on overregulation. They will in future turn a vigilant gaze on the departments and agencies of the new regime and, in the case of Vin Weber, on his old colleagues on Capitol Hill.

Together with our existing editors, including such recent arrivals as Peter Rodman, Paul Craig Roberts, and Kate Walsh O'Beirne, and with other names I hope to reveal in a future issue, we trust NATIONAL REVIEW will give you the best seat at the Washington follies. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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FOR THE RECORD

■ How are moderate Democrats faring in **Clinton** Administration? **Evans & Novak** report that **Warren Christopher**, 67, told neoconservative **Richard Schifter**, 69, that he is too old to be ambassador to Israel. . . . Meanwhile, plums are going to left-wingers: Deputy Chief of Staff is **Mark Gearan**, top aide to **Michael Dukakis**. **John Podesta**, former aide to Sen. **Ted Kennedy**, has become White House staff secretary. **Roberta Atchenberg**, lesbian leader who led effort to punish Boy Scouts for keeping out homosexuals, is named assistant secretary for fair housing at HUD. **Jesse Jackson** confidante **Alexis Herman** becomes director of public liaison. . . . Jackson still has clout at Democratic National Committee. New chief **David Wilhelm** tried to install Clinton people in top party posts. Jackson protested and saved those he helped install in 1988. . . . Wilhelm told a recent gay fundraiser: "The gay and lesbian community was a big part of Bill Clinton's victory." Gays, he added, will be "a part of a new diverse and inclusive coalition that will govern." . . . The new Washington power couple: **Hillary** pal **Brooke Shearer** and FOB **Strobe Talbott**. She is to head White House Fellowship program; he is to be Russian aid czar, to dismay of new ambassador to Russia **Thomas Pickering** and other specialists at State. . . . Headlines say "Torch Has Passed to New Generation," but political analyst **Stuart Rothenberg** notes that **Clinton–Gore** got only 41 per cent of baby-boomer (ages 30 to 44) vote, as against 43 per cent overall; men aged 25 to 49 gave **Bush/Quayle** a narrow plurality.

■ Next hot race: special election in Texas to fill U.S. Senate seat vacated by Treasury Secretary **Lloyd Bentsen**; open primary will be held May 1. Dems are uniting behind liberal interim appointee **Bob Krueger**, but liberal former State Attorney General **Jim Mattox**, who lost bitter 1990 gubernatorial primary to **Ann Richards**, says he's "90 per cent sure" to jump in. The GOP is divided: Rep. **Joe Barton** (ACU: 95) scored big on **Donahue** after Krueger backed Clinton on gays in military; Rep. **Jack Fields** (ACU: 88) is endorsed by conservative Reps. **Tom DeLay** and **Bill Archer**. GOP front-runner is establishment State Treasurer **Kay Bailey Hutchison**. The wild card: **Perot** advisor **Richard Fisher**. . . . Republican chances to win New Jersey governorship this year hurt by **Zoë Baird** aftermath: both GOP contenders—**Christine Todd Whitman** (with whom **Ed Rollins** had signed on) and **Cary Edwards**—admitted to hiring illegals and not paying proper taxes. Incumbent Democrat **Jim Florio** has been inching upward in polls, from 18 per cent a few months back to 29 today, according to **Eagleton** Institute. Florio has hired Clinton mastermind **James Carville**. . . . In Virginia, mildly conservative former congressman **George Allen** is the early favorite to get GOP gubernatorial nomination June 5 over businessman **Earle Williams**. Incumbent Democrat **Doug Wilder** cannot run again, and Democrats have been hurt by feuding between Wilder and Sen. **Chuck Robb**. . . . Democrats pondering challenge to Mass. Gov. **William Weld** in 1994 include Rep. **Joe Kennedy**, state Attorney General **Scott Harshbarger**, Boston Mayor **Ray Flynn**, and Boston U. President—and narrow loser in 1990 gubernatorial contest—**John Silber**. . . . To dismay of Weld, conservative **Jim Rappaport** was named GOP state chairman.

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"Senator, the gun lobby is here to see you—and they're armed."

■ Chernobyl II? In January, two small fires and an oil leak at Chernobyl were handled quickly, but International Atomic Energy Agency spokesman **Hans Meyer** asked, "Why are things like this even happening?" Three new Russian nuclear reactors are to be completed by 1995. As to ex-USSR's nuclear weapons, CIA officer **Lawrence K. Gershwin** says they are under "excellent Russian control," but adds: "Russia's system of controls, security measures, and personnel discipline is facing stresses it was not designed for." . . . Japan's popular young politician **Ichiro Ozawa** is threatening to form a new party by joining his faction of the Liberal Democratic Party with several minor conservative parties. This would end one-party rule, which has lasted in Japan since 1955. . . . South Korean President-elect **Kim Young Sam**, who ran as the candidate who could make the transition from military to civilian rule, has solved long-running bureaucratic dispute before he even takes office, persuading central bank to lower interest rates and finance ministry to accept broad financial deregulation. . . . After mild stroke, Cambodia's Prince **Sihanouk**, ousted as chief of state 23 years ago, said: "I don't mind if they criticize me for being an autocrat but I want to retake power."

■ Institute for Republican Women was launched last month. Health care is to be topic of its first national conference April 20 at the National Press Club. Board members include **Elise R. du Pont**, **Gleaves Rhodes**, National Review Institute executive director **Lisa Nelson**. For info write IRW, Suite 802, 1000 Connecticut Ave, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; or call 202-833-3380.

■ Malaysia's nine sultans are fighting Prime Minister **Mahathir Mohamad**'s attempt to curb their legal immunity after the Sultan of Johore allegedly conked a school hockey coach when his team lost.

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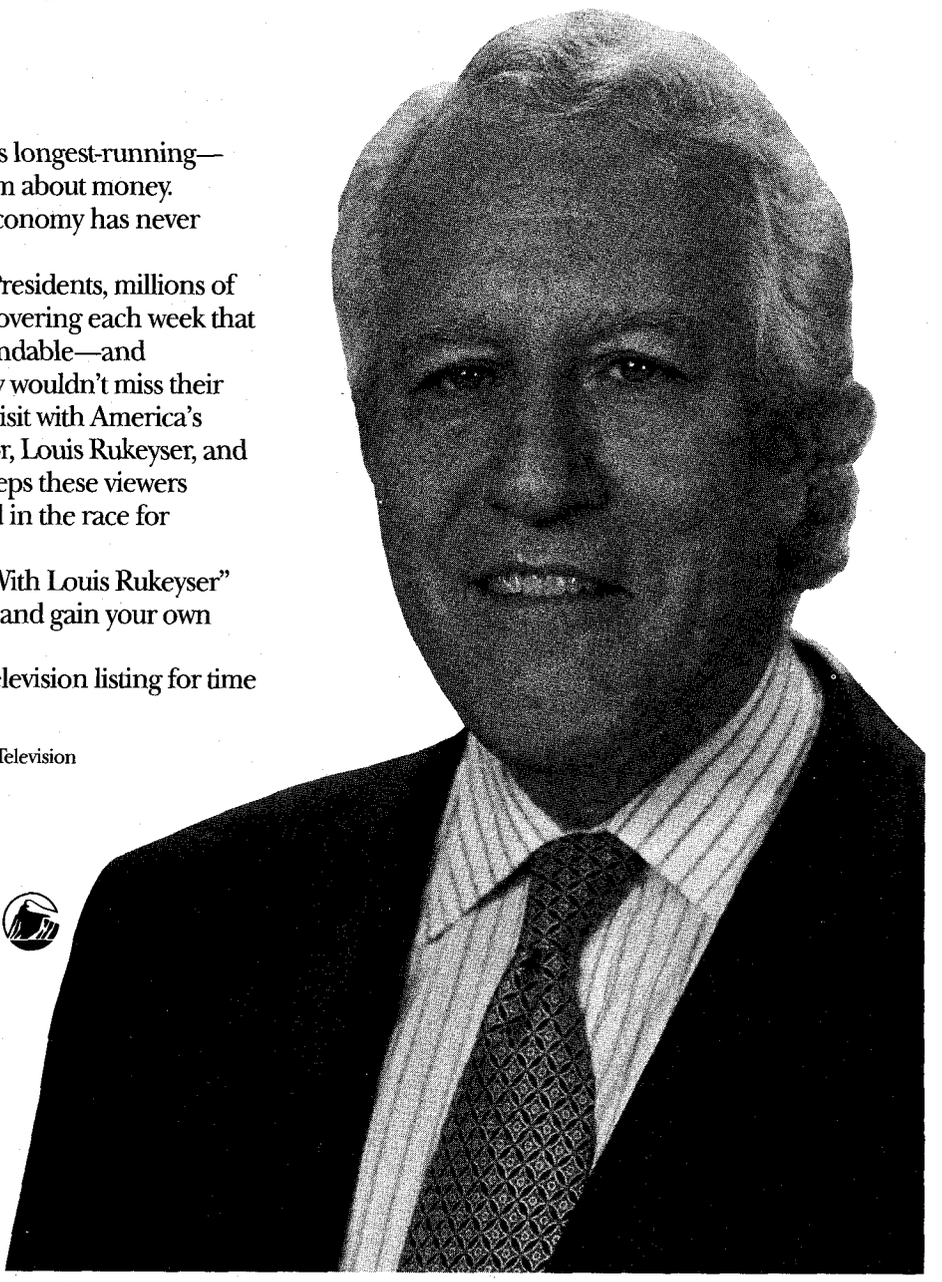
The Inside Stuff Without The Stuffiness

WALL STREET WEEK WITH LOUIS RUKEYSER



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THE WEEK

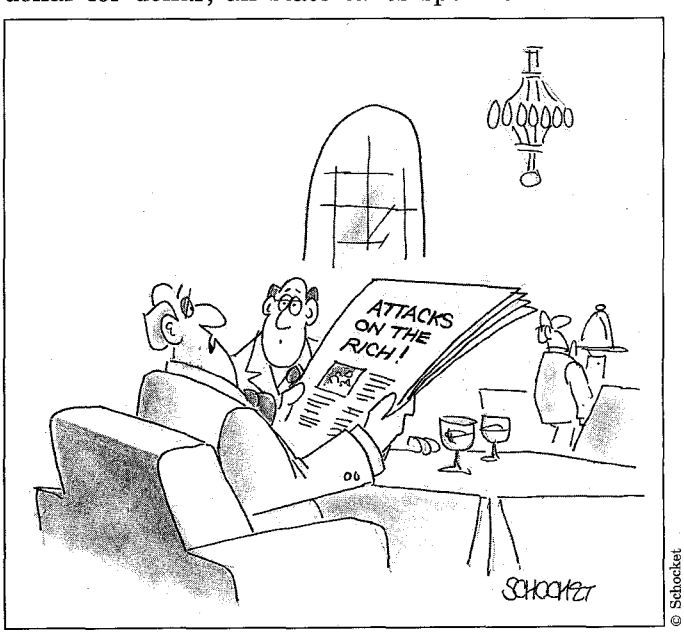
■ Bill Clinton's pick at HUD, Roberta Achtenberg, is a lesbian activist from San Francisco. We *knew* he'd find a way around the nanny problem.

■ We read in the *Washington Post* that President Clinton took his entire Cabinet and senior staff to Camp David over the weekend of January 30–31 for an encounter-group exercise in team bonding. Two professional "facilitators" were on hand to lead a Saturday-night session in which all were asked to share some intimate personal experience. Mr. Clinton told how he was a "fat kid" at five or six and how the other kids taunted him. Education Secretary Riley, who has a spinal disease, told of the competitive instinct that led him to become co-captain of his high-school football team. The mind boggles. Imagine what Lincoln could have gotten off his chest in a session like this. ("I was tall and gangly, and the kids made fun of me.") Visualize George Washington inviting his colleagues (Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, *et al.*) to let their hair down for a weekend at Mount Vernon, sharing childhood traumas about cutting down cherry trees, being short, being a political-philosophy nerd, whatever. Who knows what tragedies in our Nation's early history might have been averted if these men had had professional "facilitators"? The White House physician was fired around the time of this Camp David retreat. Rumors that Werner Erhard and the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi were being interviewed as possible replacements were denied by George Stephanopoulos.

■ So you want to enter government service? If your domestic help earns more than $50 a year, you must pay Social Security for each employee in the amount of 6.2 per cent of salary, up to $57,600, in quarterly payments. Pay an additional 1.45 per cent tax for Medicare, on salary up to $135,000. If you pay the worker more than $1,000 per year, you are also liable for federal unemployment tax (rates vary; consult your accountant and tax attorney). Be sure to file a W2 form for each domestic worker, showing earnings and all deductions. If the worker you hire is an illegal alien, you can skip all of the above, including your hopes for high political office.

■ Secretary of Defense Les Aspin is the most thoughtful member of the Clinton Cabinet. While he was still Congressman Aspin, he made that clear in his crisp criticism of the Bush Defense Department for failing to come up with a strategic rationale for the "Base Force"—the reorganization of the armed forces proposed in the last couple of budgets. Mr. Aspin, as chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, pointed out then that the Bush defense budget seemed to have no animating strategic concept, and that it merely distributed budget cuts evenly across the services. Last week, the Clinton Administration decreed a $11 billion cut in the last Bush budget, or a cut of more than 3.5 per cent. How was the slice administered? The services were told to figure out (over the weekend) ways of cutting about $2.5 billion each, plus an equivalent whack at the politically incorrect Strategic Defense Initiative. Not much strategic calculation here. In fact, the Administration's action is precisely the kind of move for which congressional Democrats belabored its predecessor. The fault lies not with Mr. Aspin but with an Administration that has, with breathtaking speed, made it clear that it knows little and cares less about sound defense policy. It began its tenure by subverting the cohesion of the armed forces through its efforts to lift the ban on homosexuals in the services; it has effectively designated the Pentagon as a quick cash machine to cover domestic expenditure; and it may actually want to send the forces it has abused into combat in Bosnia. Not a good start for a President whose personal military record inspires little confidence.

■ As governor of Arkansas, Bill Clinton was not above using a fiscal scam to get Washington to cough up more money for his state's Medicaid program. Normally, the Federal Government matched, dollar for dollar, all state taxes spent on Medicaid.



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In 1985, however, the government decided to add a matching program of $2 for $1 raised from private donations. The goal was to stimulate support from groups like United Way, but a clever scheme soon evolved: get hospitals, doctors, and nursing homes to "donate" money to Medicaid, get the federal money, return the donations to the givers, and spend the rest on Medicaid. No pain, big gain. By the time the Bush people disallowed the scheme, 36 states were doing it, and the program had become the fourth most expensive item in the federal budget. Now, in an effort to give states more "flexibility," Mr. Clinton wants to reinstate the scam. We appreciate his empathy for fellow governors, but is this really what he meant by cost control?

■ Department of Silly Reorganizations: Secretary of State Christopher has announced that he is creating a new post called Undersecretary for Global Issues. It will be manned by former Senator Tim Wirth, and reporting to him will be the Narcotics, Human Rights, Anti-Terrorism, Environment & Science, and Refugee Bureaus. So, starting now, if a refugee who is a drug trafficker engages in an act of environmental terrorism and the police violate his human rights, the State Department is ready.

■ French Socialist government officials and their ally, European Community chief Jacques Delors, are squawking because an American company, Maytag, has decided to consolidate its Hoover operation in Glasgow, Scotland, closing facilities in Dijon, France. The French say this is "social dumping"—Scottish workers got the jobs because Britain has not yet acceded to the "European Charter" of employee rights and privileges, and thus British labor is cheaper. Imposing the Charter would keep costs uniformly high throughout Europe. Then, of course, another squawk would go up for subsidies for the less prosperous regions and for protection against foreign "social dumpers"—i.e., us. Moral for Americans: interventionist Eurogovernment is a threat to us all. Nearly as much as the government that's being reinvented down in Washington.

■ Gone are the days of the smoke-filled room and the good five-cent cigar. Mrs. Clinton plans to restrict smoking in the White House, with the goal of eventual total abolition, even in personal offices. It's lucky Winston Churchill won't be coming to call; on the other hand, this could prevent any rapprochement with Castro.

■ Evangelical Christians are used to patronizing treatment by the elite media, but a *Washington Post* story on February 1 was unusual even by the *Post*'s standards. In a piece on how Christian groups took part in the public outcry about gays in the military, the author let it be known that followers of evangelists were "largely poor, uneducated, and easy to command." The statement was so appallingly ignorant, smug, biased, and false that the *Post* was forced to publish an embarrassed retraction the next day. "There is no factual basis for that statement," the *Post* admitted flatly. But the brouhaha continued, with many middle-class and PhD-bedecked Christians gleefully writing the *Post* or calling radio or TV stations to announce their existence to a well-enclosed little world that assumes that only primitives believe in God. The *mea culpa* was appropriate, the episode another painful revelation of the vast cultural gap between our media elite and major segments of the American population.

■ Number of phone calls to the White House by "poor, uneducated, easy to command" suspected Christians in the eight days after Mr. Clinton said he'd lift the gay ban in the military: 1,650,143.

■ Number of women who said last week they were kissed, fondled, patted, propositioned, or otherwise the objects of unwanted attentions by Senator Packwood: 13.

■ Salary the American Bar Association is paying media expert Michael T. Scanlon in an attempt to give lawyers a better image: $170,000.

■ Number of D.C. government workers caught this week fraudulently selling city rent-subsidy certificates and disciplined for the crime by being reassigned to other agencies: 6.

■ Time Warner stood behind Ice-T last summer when the rap singer released his single "Cop Killer," which apparently called for the murder of police officers ("a question of free speech"). But the design of

■ The Twentieth Annual Conservative Political Action Conference, CPAC, co-sponsored by the American Conservative Union, Young Americans for Freedom, *Human Events*, and *NR*, will be held February 18–20 at the Omni Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C. Confirmed speakers include possible 1996 GOP presidential candidates Bill Bennett, Pat Buchanan, Dick Cheney, Jack Kemp, Dan Quayle, and Pat Robertson, as well as dark horses Tommy Thompson and John Engler, and other conservative leaders such as Dick Armey, Robert Bartley, Bob Dole, Ed Feulner, Newt Gingrich, David Horowitz, Jeane Kirkpatrick, William Kristol, Ed Meese, Oliver North, Ed Rollins, Bob Tyrrell, and Caspar Weinberger. For more information call CPAC'93 at 800-752-4391.

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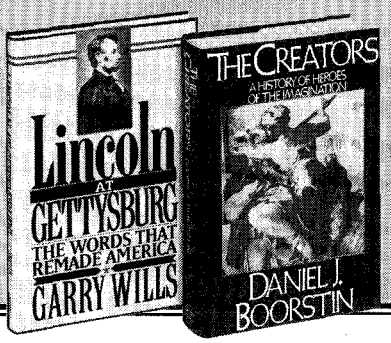

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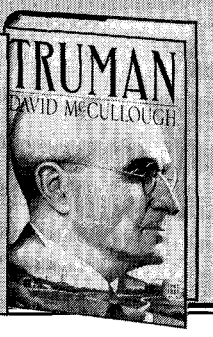

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his upcoming album struck Ice-T's employers somewhat closer to home. According to the *Hollywood Reporter*, the cover art demanded by Ice-T featured a suburban white kid listening to a Walkman as a gang of black toughs breaks into his home, raping his mother and attacking his father. The *Washington Post* reports that this convinced Time Warner to free Ice-T from his recording contract; the firm cited "creative differences." The main difference seems to be between how Time Warner executives feel about the murder of policemen and how they feel about the murder of their customers.

■ The Bronx Zoo is now the Bronx Wildlife Conservation Park. Seems the word "zoo" has become pejorative. On those grounds, they'd better find a euphemism for "Bronx."

Boxed In in Bosnia

YET ANOTHER Clinton campaign promise has gone into Promise Limbo, but this time the President is a victim of circumstances. One of his platform planks we admired was his harder line on Serbia, which included a pledge to lift the perverse UN ban on arms for victims of Serbian aggression, plus a willingness (albeit limited) to contemplate military action. Upon coming into office, however, Mr. Clinton is boxed in by the Bosnian "peace plan" concocted by UN mediator Cyrus Vance and his EC sidekick David Owen.

Most of our allies have eagerly embraced the Vance–Owen plan, not because it contains any great strategic insight but because they want "peace" and it's the only plan on the table. Russia, moreover, is restless and is thought to be prepared to veto any stronger UN measures against their Slav brethren in Serbia. Mr. Vance and Lord Owen brought their road show to New York in early February, the better to pressure the Administration (which, of course, would be expected to furnish troops to enforce the plan). The Clinton team is right to cry "Whoa!" and to look for better alternatives.

Cyrus Vance has an unbroken record of being wrong on everything he has touched in thirty years, from Vietnam to Iran to Yugoslavia. David Owen has never been known for his strategic acumen. The plan they have come up with would divide Bosnia into ten semi-autonomous cantons according to predominant ethnic composition. Serbian control would be rolled back from the present 70 per cent of Bosnian territory to about 43 per cent; Croats and Muslims would each dominate about 25 per cent. The capital—the famous Sarajevo—would be jointly controlled. The plan has been flatly rejected by Bosnian Muslims. The Bosnian Serbs accept the principle of cantonization but consider the proposed boundaries inadequate. Only the Croats would accept the plan as is. The plan is doomed—largely by the perception that it consolidates too much of the Serbs' ill-gotten gains and "ethnic cleansing."

Ultimately, any hope for a settlement depends on the restoration of some kind of equilibrium of forces. And, if a settlement is to last, it cannot be based on ratifying Serbia's gains. The error of Mr. Vance, Lord Owen, and many another inept mediator is to press always for an immediate ceasefire to end the killing, a humane ideal which often merely consolidates an untenable status quo. Thus, thoughtful observers were encouraged by the recent upsurge of fighting in Croatia, which so alarmed the do-gooder community; what it represented was the Croatians reclaiming some of the territory the Serbs had seized last year. It is this turning of the tables that has, for the first time, led the Serbs to think seriously about settling.

In Bosnia, too, there must be more rollback of Serbian gains, by diplomacy or otherwise, before we can in good conscience press the Muslims to accept a settlement. The United States has a geopolitical stake in a solution that does not inflame Turkey or embarrass all our other moderate friends in the Islamic world. And, to repeat, a settlement will not last if it is seen as a Serbian steal. The Croatian reversal suggests we may be closer to the point at which Serbia is ready to negotiate in earnest. But the fighting may have to continue a while longer before this point is reached (and somebody may have to help the Muslims covertly). The Clinton Administration, by its perceived sympathy for those resisting Serbia, may have already added new weight to the diplomatic scales. We would urge the President to consider more decisive military options. As Lady Thatcher urged last August, our negotiating leverage with Serbia will be much stronger if we are prepared to implement an overwhelming military blow.

In particular, we must continue to deter Serbian moves against Kosovo or Macedonia, which would produce an international conflagration (see Rossen Vassilev, p. 46). Serbian strongman Slobodan Milosevic has been deterred up to now, undoubtedly by

Shared Sacrifice

With COLAs sacred to the old
As Burgundy to Charles the Bold,
Bill Clinton, notwithstanding, told
Pat Moynihan they're all on hold,
Which prompted Pat to draw the bridge,
Fill up the moat, and stock the fridge.

W. H. VON DREELE

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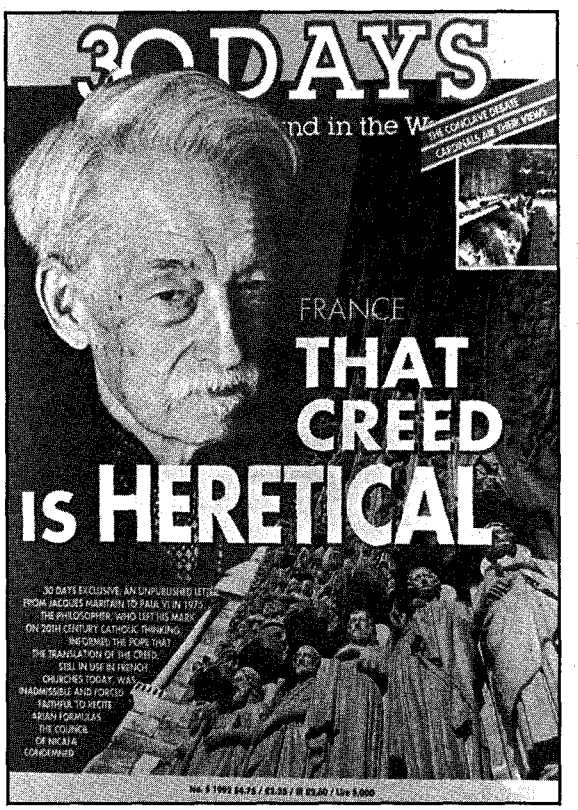

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the fear that a move in those areas would provoke the powerful Western response that has been so regrettably absent. The same leverage must be consciously wielded in the Bosnian negotiation. Without it, no amount of ingenuity or good intentions, on the part of the United States or any other mediator, will produce any positive result.

This kind of power-political insight has never been a characteristic of Warren Christopher, or indeed of most Democrats. Let's hope someone in the new Administration has learned something since Iran, even if Cyrus Vance has not.

Mr. Clinton's Backbone

"We don't need to tamper with Social Security . . . We're not going to fool with Social Security. It's solid. It's secure. It's sound."
—Bill Clinton, Macon, Ga., September 1, 1992

Clinton Considers Curb on Social Security Cost-of-Living Raises —Washington Post, January 29, 1993

Social Security Won't Be Subject to Freeze, White House Decides —New York Times, February 9, 1993

WE ARE are less surprised at the spectacle of President Clinton's lips moving than at the cause: a momentary display of backbone about the coming Social Security crack-up. We salute this unexpected—though, alas, brief—development. Particularly since there was never much chance that the various mooted proposals—limiting cost-of-living increases, raising the retirement age, taxing Social Security benefits more heavily for all but the poor—would actually get through the Democratic Congress.

Social Security is of course a fraud, an intergenerational Ponzi scheme that will inevitably shortchange the younger taxpayers now financing it. Simple arithmetic indicates that by 2030, just to pay the Social Security and Medicare benefits promised under current law, payroll taxes will have to rise from today's terrible 15.3 per cent to an utterly impossible 37. And the related Medicare trust fund is expected to be insolvent as early as 2002.

Indeed, what seems to have caught the Clinton Administration's attention is the burden of benefits right now. Overall, the Federal Government's spending is projected to climb to almost 24 per cent of Gross National Product in 1993. The federal deficit will reach 6 per cent of GNP. Over half of that federal spending consists of congressionally mandated "entitlements," of which Social Security and Medicare constitute the greater part. Unless these are attacked directly, federal fingers will continue to tighten around the economy's windpipe—or, to put it another way, liberals will find it increasingly hard to raise money for more selective vote-buying.

Any additional money taxed out of higher-income Social Security recipients will, of course, be wasted. And taxing Social Security will have a further unfortunate effect: increasing the disincentives that have been driving 65- to 70-year-olds out of the workforce. Working at that age carries a triple penalty: benefits are reduced, income tax has to be paid, and the payroll levy kicks in all over again.

Sorting out the Social Security shambles must involve emancipating the energetic elderly. Former Senator William Armstrong used regularly to propose abolishing the limitation on retiree earnings, as well as gradually raising the age of eligibility for benefits. But, as he pointed out when *NR* contacted him in his self-imposed exile in Denver, the last chance for real reform was lost during the Reagan Administration because Democratic demagogues turned Social Security into what they gloatingly used to call a "live-rail issue."

Well, it's their live rail now. And, fleetingly, Bill Clinton's backbone.

On Being Protective

It's just a little trade war
  With just a tiny whiff
Of Messrs. Smoot and Hawley,
  Who'd have enjoyed the tiff;
But just as mighty oak trees
  From little acorns grow,
This mother is becoming
  One big imbroglio.

W. H. VON DREELE

Courting Injustice

NO ONE ever supposed that a revolution in homosexual rights in this country would occur through popular groundswell. Rather, it would have to be imposed upon the people by elites, in particular the judiciary.

That is precisely what is now happening. The votes of nearly a million Coloradans opposed to affirmative action for gays have been nullified until a judge can review the constitutionality of their action. The decisions of the military leadership to restrict gays in the service have been nullified by another judge who finds such restrictions to be inconsistent with a "facilitative, pluralistic" society.

The latter opinion, unlikely to be appealed by the

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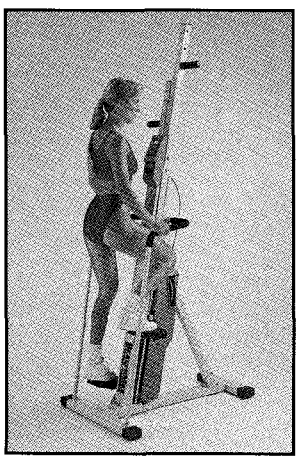

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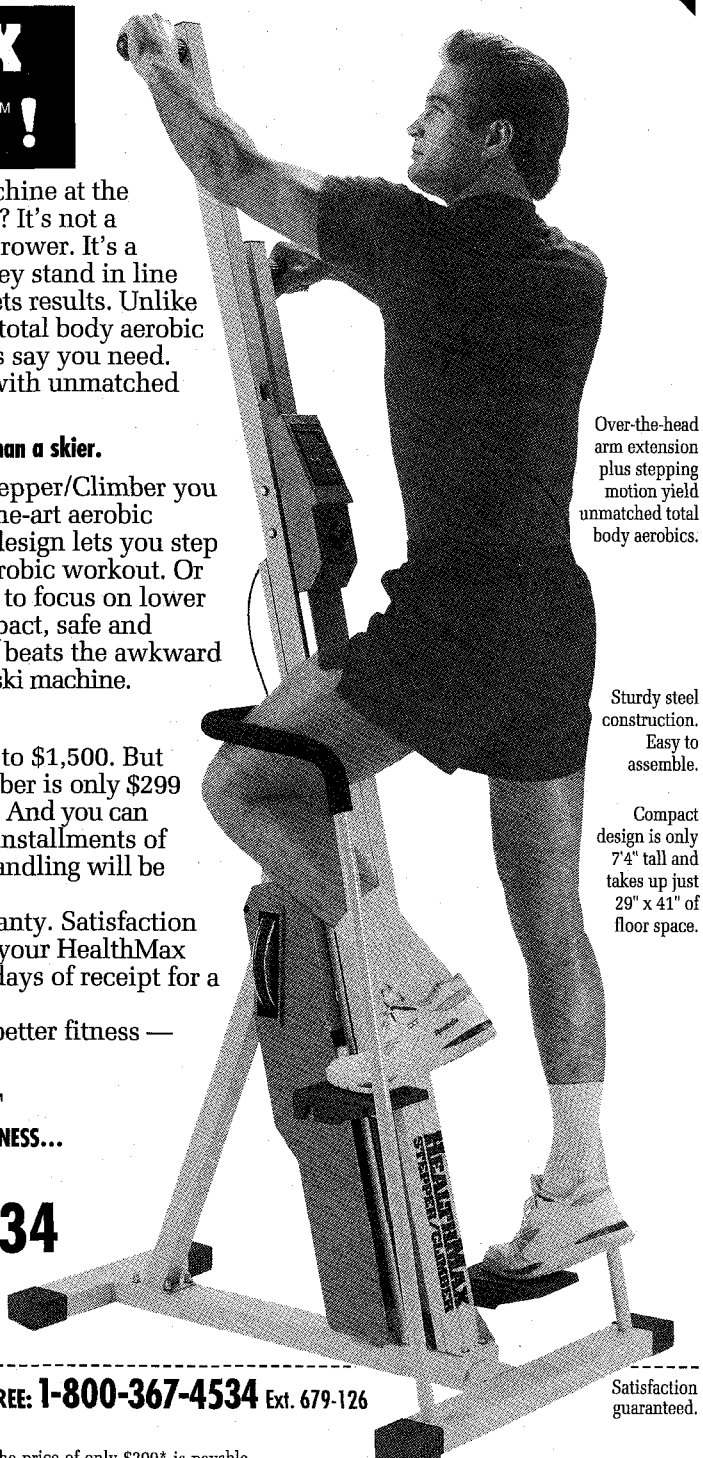

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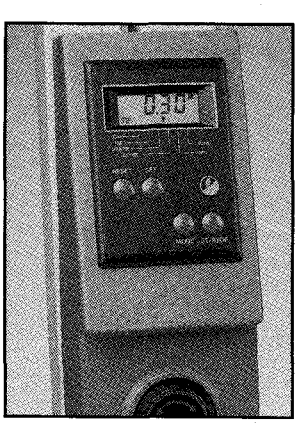

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new Administration in Washington, foreshadows how important decisions on homosexual rights increasingly will be made. Popular initiatives, public debates, and congressional negotiations will be sideshows. Instead, the critical decisions will be made by federal judges operating on the premise that the "equal protection" clauses of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments prohibit the disparate treatment of homosexuals.

The prevailing Reagan–Bush judiciary may somewhat slow this process, but it can move in only one direction. A lone federal judge in New York will find unconstitutional state adoption laws that distinguish between married and homosexual couples; a federal judge in the Midwest will overturn an employee insurance plan which fails to treat surviving homosexual "spouses" the same as heterosexual spouses; a jurist in Texas will bar the use of state facilities for scouting organizations that do not treat all lifestyles as equivalent.

The Supreme Court, finally engaging itself in the matter, will then issue a 6–3 opinion (written by Justice Cuomo) concluding that classifications based on "sexual orientation or affectation" must be evaluated in the same way as those based upon race or ethnicity—in other words, unless they advantage "victimized" groups, they will not be allowed to stand. Justice Anthony Kennedy, refusing to bow to the pressures of homophobic special interests, will write concurring that "The ability to pursue unorthodox sex is at the heart of every citizen's right to define their own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life."

The root problem here is not the misnamed gay-rights movement, nor the continuing decline in traditional values; rather, it is the loss of a Constitution in which "we the people" had an effective voice.

Advice to Mr. Barbour

IN ENDORSING Spencer Abraham for chairman of the Republican National Committee last issue, we called Haley Barbour, who has now won the post, "a skilled, experienced, and amiable political technician." Let us add that Mr. Barbour, a solid conservative, has remained above the various factional frays which could divide the party. We expect him to be an effective chairman.

Our main concern is that Mr. Barbour recognize the pragmatic implications of ideology and beware of the ideological implications of "pragmatism." The Republican Party unites and wins by opposing the size and scope of government—opposing not simply specific liberal giveaways, but also the cumulative intrusions of taxation, regulation, and plain bad government that are the inevitable results of the liberal project. The abortion issue, properly framed, fits comfortably into this philosophy–*cum*–strategy. The issue now is whether the Federal Government will allow states to impose such clearly sensible requirements as parental, spousal, and informed consent. There are solid majorities for such an approach: some 80 per cent of Americans oppose abortion-on-demand. Republican policy should reflect that political reality.

"Big Tent" talk, because it is usually employed as a code indicating hostility to social conservatives, serves mainly to confuse the issue and alienate key Republican blocs. After all, social conservatives are, with a very few exceptions, asking only for relief from government intrusion justified in the name of liberal social values—legitimizing promiscuity and illegitimacy, endorsing the radical understanding of homosexuality, etc. Social conservatives simply want their paychecks and their children left alone.

We would like to hear Mr. Barbour speak for and to the rest of America, with lines like "A mother in Queens asked me . . . " and "As a small-businessman in Houston was telling me last week . . ." Such populist rhetoric, expressing conservative policies, will command solid national support—if the nation believes the GOP truly believes it. At the start of the last election cycle four years ago, the GOP began blurring its core differences with the Democrats, and as a result began losing steadily. Abortion flip-floppers lost the Virginia and New Jersey gubernatorial races in 1989; congressional candidates performed disappointingly in both 1990 and 1992, assisted by the 1990 bi-partisan tax increase and the ideologically incoherent 1992 Bush campaign. As chief Republican, Mr. Barbour must prevent other Republican leaders from giving the impression that both parties are part of the Establishment. If they do, Mr. Clinton—or Mr. Perot—will pick up the pieces.

Delaney's Folly

JAMES DELANEY, a deceased Democratic congressman from New York, is remembered for little except a mischievous clause he managed to make U.S. law late one night in August 1958. Called the Delaney clause, section 409 of the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act forbids government approval of any additive to food, or any pesticide residue, that has produced cancer in laboratory animals. The trouble is that over half the substances tested, natural and manmade, induce cancer in test animals of one type or another (rats test differently from mice, and mice from guinea pigs), at some dose or another. It is far from clear that these results mean anything at all for humans.

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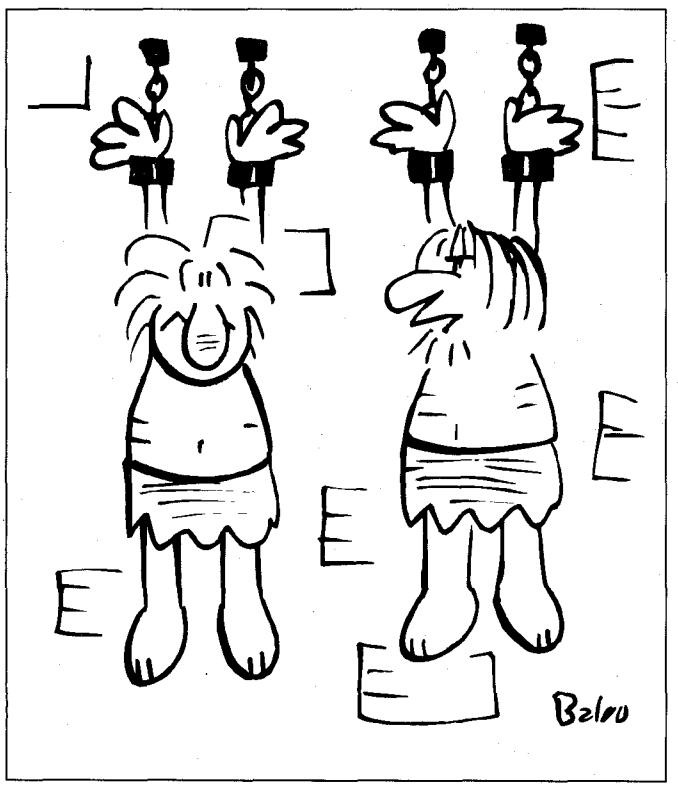
Since detection technology has become so refined that parts per trillion can now be measured, we are rapidly approaching the point where the testing labs can find something virtually anywhere they look.

The Delaney clause, then, has become a powerful weapon of the greens in their war on American industry, since it means they can use the courts to ban whatever they dislike. It provides the legal basis for phasing out modern science-based agriculture in the United States in favor of organic farming. The Natural Resources Defense Council and other environmental groups last year won a major court victory when the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that "the language of the Delaney clause is clear and mandatory . . . once a finding of carcinogenicity is made the EPA has no discretion." It must ban the offending chemical.

The EPA has now begun banning common agricultural pesticides to conform with the court ruling—although with a heartening caveat from Mr. Clinton's new EPA chief. In announcing the ban Carol Browner said the 35 pesticides are in fact "safe," but are being banned because Delaney requires it. She also provoked howls of protest from Washington's greens when she said the law must be modified to reflect current scientific knowledge—i.e., that life exists in a sea of carcinogens and anti-carcinogens, the vast bulk of both being of natural origin. Table sugar, for example, has been found to induce tumors in laboratory mice when fed to them in large doses, but is clearly safe and nutritious as normally used. The very same substances that show up as being carcinogenic at one dose can be non-carcinogens at other doses, and actual cancer inhibitors (or anti-carcinogens) at other doses again. Vitamins A and D_2 are examples.



"Well, so much for your 'up against the wall' slogan."

Bruce Ames, the Berkeley biochemist who pioneered carcinogen testing, has pointed out that most foods naturally contain a range of poisons and carcinogens, because they are the plants' defense against being eaten in excess by insects, birds, and animals. He notes that plants selectively bred to survive without use of artificial pesticides contain far higher levels of natural pesticides. A new strain of celery now being pushed by health faddists because it has natural resistance to insect predators, and can therefore be grown without the use of artificial sprays, contains 6,200 parts per billion (ppb) of carcinogenic psoralens, instead of the 800 ppb normally found in celery; 0.005 ppb of psoralens as an additive or residue would provoke a Delaney ban!

The American Council on Science and Health says that cancer is best inhibited by a diet heavy in fruits, vegetables, and fibers. Bans on pesticides threaten public health since they would diminish the supply and quality of fresh fruits and vegetables. Moreover since natural pesticides in food outweigh the artificial by around 10,000 to 1, such measures would have no effect on the total amount of carcinogens ingested. Indeed, if celery is typical of organic strains of vegetables, the quantity of cancer-causing chemicals being eaten would shoot up.

Freedom Fighters

THE CLINTON Administration moved quickly to "restore democracy" to Haiti, but a better test of its dedication to the democratic principle will come in Nicaragua.

The place is a mess. The Sandinistas remain in charge of the military and the police, and more than 200 Contra leaders have turned up dead in the last two years. So far, the record is zero prosecutions, and zero convictions. Sandinista bigwigs still refuse to return the millions of dollars' worth of property they stole just before leaving power in 1990, and Mrs. Chamorro is protecting them.

The UNO coalition that elected her president has broken with her over coddling the Sandinistas, and now officially calls itself an opposition party. The stand-off between Parliament and the president reached a boiling point in late December, when Mrs. Chamorro sent the police out to occupy the Parliament building and to prevent the president of the National Assembly from entering. Most recently, the comptroller general of the country called for the resignation of Minister of the Presidency Antonio Lacayo—Mrs. Chamorro's son-in-law and the man who

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rules while she reigns—in a million-dollar scandal involving the diversion of foreign aid.

No one in his right mind would invest in Nicaragua in these circumstances, and the economy is predictably stagnant. The country is living off foreign aid—including $54 million from the U.S., released by the Bush Administration in December over the strenuous protests of Senator Jesse Helms.

Mrs. Chamorro was a brave opponent of the Sandinistas in the 1980s, and her new government deserved our help in 1990 and 1991. Today, American aid is subsidizing a system of corruption and favoritism that rewards the Sandinistas while it mocks—and murders—the former Contras. If Mr. Clinton wants to "restore democracy," let him start by refusing Nicaragua another dime in aid until Mrs. Chamorro shows that the Sandinistas are no longer running the show.

Only in America

FOR YEARS conservatives have been criticizing National Public Radio for its political bias and complaining of the use of taxpayers' funds to support its undeviating liberal line. Yet NPR is scientifically balanced in comparison with the Pacifica stations, such as WBAI in New York, KPFK in Los Angeles, and WPFW in Washington. Their political content ranges from Fantasy Left (the Jonestown episode in Guyana was all a CIA plot) to Poisonous Left (straight anti-Semitism), yet conservatives have said virtually nothing about them.

Why? Presumably because conservatives believe in free speech, and, unlike NPR, the Pacifica stations get no taxpayer money. Right?

Wrong. In 1991, the last year for which figures are available, the Pacifica network received $912,408 from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB). KPFK, for example, gets an annual grant of $134,126. The money buys, inter alia, an annual "Afrikan Mental Liberation Weekend," which combines Louis Farrakhan speeches, talks by the infamous anti-Semitic crank Leonard Jeffries of the City College of New York, and yet more anti-Semitic drivel from the broadcast's host and organizer, Dr. Kwaku Person-Lynn, the essence of whose Weltanschauung is as follows, taken from his 1992 broadcasts: "The Hebrew Jewish scholars set the philosophical direction for the Ku Klux Klan."

Those filled with nostalgia for the old days at Radio Moscow may tune in and get their fix. The Pacifica view of Central America is that of the Sandinistas and the FMLN. The reporting on the U.S. economy is Marxist in approach. The reporting on nuclear power is . . . well, you know what it is.

Now comes Pacifica to CPB once again, asking for an additional $350,000 to set up a "news center" in Washington, D.C. Inasmuch as federal law requires any station receiving such grants to present "balanced" programming, Pacifica is not entitled to one wooden nickel. Indeed, it is the continuation of past grants, year after year, that should be a matter of scandal in view of Pacifica's manifest bias. Those who wish to express a view about the use of their money to support Pacifica might give Richard Carlson, president of CPB, a ring at 202-879-9600.

Embarrassing Moments

With Zoë back at Aetna
  And Kimba staying put
As Hillary keeps shoving
  Her mouth around her foot,
One wonders whether Donna
  Has something to declare
As Bill continues washing
  The nannies from his hair.

W. H. VON DREELE

Madness on the Streets

AS IF THEY don't have enough to put up with, city dwellers face a new plague: the assaults of madmen on drugs. For years, the Upper West Side of Manhattan has been terrorized by Larry Hogue, a demented bum addicted to crack. On drug-induced rampages, he has thrown cinder blocks through church windows, and hurled a 16-year-old girl in front of a truck (the truck swerved). He has been arrested nine times and sent to numerous mental institutions, from which he is quickly released; the judge who sprung him most recently explained that he only suffered from an "attitude problem." Last month, Christopher Battiste, another crazed druggie with an attitude problem, beat an 80-year-old retired hotel maid to death with a pipe outside her Bronx church.

The official explanations of the violent careers of Mr. Hogue and Mr. Battiste is that they are Jekyll-and-Hyde figures, whom the system is ill equipped to handle. The drugs wear off after their arrests; since they suffer from no delusions, they cannot be held; so they are returned to the streets.

Doctors and caseworkers who actually deal with such men tell a different story. An article by Heather Mac Donald in a recent issue of *City Journal*, an urban-affairs quarterly, explodes the official line. "Hogue is always discharged because he's a pain in the neck. . . . No one is using the available

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legal authority [to hold him] because no one wants Hogue on his ward . . ." Hogue, Battiste, and others like them landed on the streets in the first place because of the vogue for deinstitutionalizing mental patients, which swept state health bureaucracies in the Seventies. Outpatient care was expected to be less expensive than mental hospitals; cost-cutters were abetted by civil libertarians who argued that madness was in the eye of the beholder.

Madness is now in the neighborhoods of the taxpayers. If it takes a new attitude—and more spending—to get the Hogues and the Battistes of the world off the streets, so be it.

Arthur Ashe, R I P

ARTHUR Ashe was dealt a complicated hand, which he played, for the most part, with extraordinary grace. That a superb athlete, and a fine and intelligent man, died at age 49 through a medical accident is almost too much to bear, as is the fact that his heart failed him at the peak of his tennis abilities, thus precipitating the blood transfusion infected with HIV.

As a tennis champion he was the last great representative of an older tennis tradition. Ashe was unfailingly decent and polite. He would never scream at a linesman, much less make use of an obscene word or gesture. He had taken his academic work seriously at UCLA, and one of his persistent campaigns attacked the exploitation of athletes, who were not expected to be students but rather to fill arenas and TV screens. Arthur Ashe may have been the last tennis gentleman, at least the last great player who was a gentleman.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB
From: JPM

Bill: The enclosed will amuse you. You obviously floored them in Ft. Worth.

Pass the Dictionary, Please

Too bad your reporters were flummoxed by the fancy phraseology employed by William F. Buckley in his Oct. 8 speech at the Texas Christian University.

It showed the level to which the *Star-Telegram* is willing to stoop to become comprehensible to readers in this community to whom, thank heaven, Buckley did not verbally cater.

Buckley's far-out words actually have quite simple meanings, to wit: *Rubric* refers to virtually unsolvable puzzles such as the Rubik cube. *Paradigm* means two dimes—that is, 20 cents. *Latitudinal* is a word connoting attitudes; *lati-* is an attitude lately held: *longi-* is one held forever and a day. *Weltanschauung* is the name of the coach who will take over the football program at TCU after the Texas game. *Centrifugal inertia* is what that "horse's _____" (Ross Perot as described by Buckley in your story) calls the clinical disease afflicting the Bush and Clinton campaigns.

As to generic vs. particular points, clearly the gentleman was talking about journalistic acuity. Doesn't everyone in Tarrant County know that generic points are less critical and cheaper than particular points? For proof, read the horoscope page or Molly Ivins's column.

Lewis Kornfeld
Fort Worth

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding your answer to Mr. Wageningen about the pronounciation of "harass," I believe you meant to say "the *voice* is active," not "the *mood* is active."

Sincerely,
James P. Gould, MD
West Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Mr. Gould: Quite right, as in active/passive voices.

Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have been having trouble with a used car I purchased recently, from Bill Clinton's Demo Used Cars. It seemed OK when I first drove it, but it has since been devouring all my cash. Bill promised he would fix everything that went wrong, but he has not delivered as advertised on CBS, NBC, ABC, and CNN.

The car is a 1954 Ford Democrat Special. When I took it to Andre Marrou's repair shop, this is what I discovered:

The car had been driven Four Trillion Miles without any maintenance or repairs. It is in need of an overhaul, and it pulls to the left when I try to turn right.

I took it back to Clinton's and he told me that my neighbor, George Bush, had taken it for a test drive just before me and he was responsible. However, government records show that the Democrats had been in possession of this vehicle from 1954, and still owned it while President Bush was briefly testing it. Now my banker, Ross Perot, says that I own it, and that I still must make payments even though Congress put all those miles on it without making principal payments or making repairs.

What shall I do?

Stumped and nearly broke in Tucson,
Zak A. Klemmer
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Klemmer: Well, why not give up driving?

—WFB

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ON THE SCENE

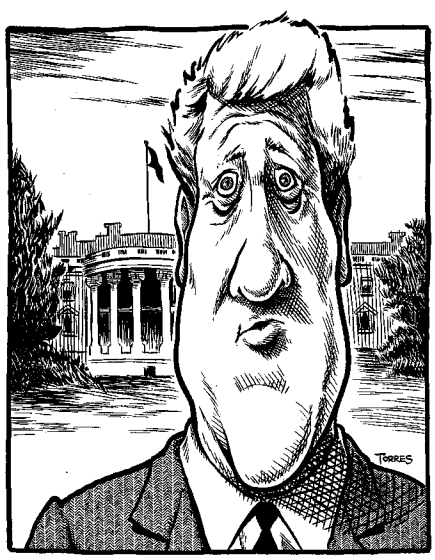
Clinton's New Partnerships

BRIT HUME

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ON FEBRUARY 1, President Clinton sat in the White House East Room surrounded by the nation's governors, with whom he had been having a two-hour discussion of health-care problems. They had taken no action, and a health-care reform plan promised by candidate Clinton had previously been deferred for further study. The President was nonetheless elated by the meeting. It followed a lunch with the same group the day before his inauguration. On that day, he recalled, "I pledged to them a partnership between the country's governors and this Administration . . . today we have continued our partnership in earnest." The East Room meeting, said the President, "was a model of everything I want my relationship with our governors to be . . . an honest discussion, where real work was done, real opinions were argued, in a room filled with women and men who left their partisan banners outside the door."

This may sound like the worst sort of pap. It was not clear, for example, what "real work" had been done. But the comments were vintage Clinton, and when you hear him say this stuff, you don't doubt his earnestness. His passion for talking policy is well known, but he is also a superb listener. He gives others his full attention and responds with an impressive grasp of their views and a sense that, even if he doesn't agree, he understands their position and respects it. He seems deeply to believe that if the right people, with the right attitude, can be gathered in the right room, there is no problem beyond solution. This, in part, explains his faith in



Carlos Torres

"new partnerships." It is too early to say that his almost touching faith in the power of such a process is naïve. It is safe to say, however, that it is about to get a severe test.

This week he will unveil before Congress the economic program which was the heart of his campaign. Some of its promised ingredients, such as a tax cut for the middle class, have been abandoned. So, apparently, has his promise to cut the deficit in half by the end of his first term. Indeed, so much of what seemed inevitable from Clinton has been put in doubt that some journalists who covered his campaign now say they know less about what his program will be than they knew—or thought they knew—on election day.

The President blames new, higher deficit projections for forcing his retreat from some of his promises, although he doesn't like to admit that's what he has done. (A Clinton phrase even more common than "new partnership" is "I've always said . . .," which is invariably followed by an explanation that what you thought he meant throughout his campaign was not quite what he said.) Still, his concern about the deficit is warranted, and not just because a projected decrease in red ink in the 1990s has now evaporated. During his campaign, Clinton plainly counted on the deficit declining of its own accord when he promised to cut it in half in his first term. At the time, that goal seemed unlikely to interfere with his promise of large increases in spending on such items as roads and bridges and high-technology research. This is what Clinton means by cutting the "investment deficit," though others might be inclined to call it pork-barrel spending. Clinton is also committed to additional short-term spending and business tax breaks to add further impetus to a recovery that, he is quick to tell you, is still not creating enough jobs.

The reason a higher deficit is such a headache for Clinton is partly economic, but mostly political. In economic terms, a growing deficit might spook markets and send interest rates up, threatening the ongoing economic recovery. And in political terms, a higher deficit would make it harder for him to expand the 43 per cent base of support that got him elected. His senior political advisors think he must win over Perot voters to build a majority for re-election. The "Perotistas" are considered highly sensitive to two issues: government reform and the deficit. Clinton now talks about having "a steady, disciplined, downward path on the deficit." There is no reason to believe, however, that he is ideologically committed to reducing the deficit. His spokesman, George Stephanopoulos, is given to saying that deficit reduction is "not an end in itself, but a means to an end." That end, he explains, is job creation. No mention of what Ross Perot liked to call the "immorality" of passing on a large and growing debt to future generations.

Clinton is almost certainly correct that without a growing, job-creating economy, there can be no progress on the deficit. The trouble is that his economic-growth plans are heavily weighted toward spending. And his deficit-reduction measures seem inexorably headed toward higher taxes. He will be hard pressed to keep his short-term stimulus package within the $30-billion range his advisors have talked about; Congress, being Congress, will inevitably try to expand it.

Mr. Hume is ABC's chief White House correspondent.

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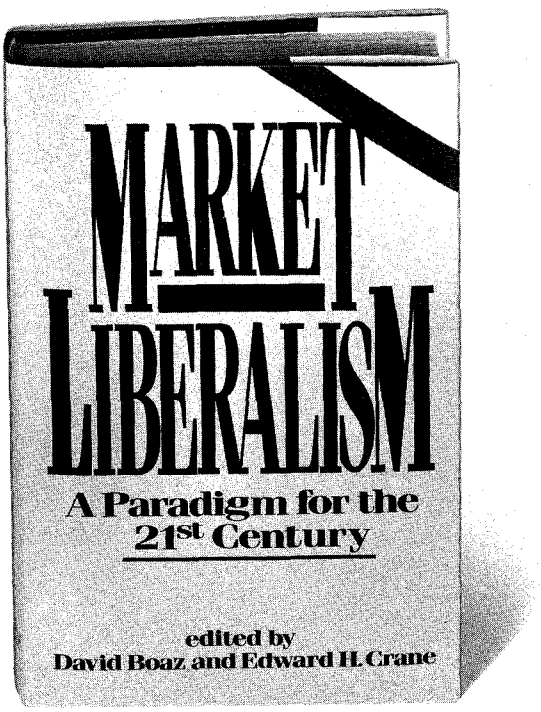

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The same is true of the long-term "investments" he wants. Whatever amount he proposes, Congress will bid higher. Clinton has promised some stimulative tax breaks, apparently including a cut in the long-term capital-gains rate and an investment tax credit for business. But he also plans to raise the top tax rate on "the rich," from 31 per cent to 36 and possibly higher. A surtax on those with million-dollar incomes has also been promised. The Democratic-controlled Congress is likely to go along with those tax increases, but they won't raise enough money to offset Clinton's planned new spending. That's why there has been talk of a consumption tax, possibly a broad-based energy tax. That would help cut the deficit—if it didn't stall the economy. Instead of a tax cut, however, the middle class would get a tax increase in the form of higher energy prices. There was talk, briefly, of delaying cost-of-living increases for Social Security recipients, but that idea seems to have been ditched. Clinton now seems more likely to seek higher taxes on benefits.

What's missing from this mix, of course, is any sign of a serious attack on spending—except at the Pentagon. Clinton is already bruised from his scrap with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the redoubtable Senator Sam Nunn over gays in the military. Clinton wants to slash the Pentagon budget below the decreasing levels already proposed by the Bush Administration. To do that, he will need the cooperation of both the chiefs and Nunn, but that's one "new partnership" he will have trouble achieving. Clinton has also set great store by the savings to be achieved from health-care reform. Even the Congressional Budget Office, however, says the claimed budgetary savings from that are exaggerated, since Clinton also wants his plan to extend health insurance to the estimated 35 million people who don't now have it.

Even if Clinton were to propose deep cuts in domestic spending, including the entitlement programs, the lesson of the budget battles of the Eighties is clear: it is much easier to raise taxes than to cut spending. Clinton got elected by presenting himself as a new kind of Democrat. But the combination of his promises, the budgetary realities, and the proclivities of his own party threaten to replace that label with a more familiar one: "tax-and-spend Democrat." That is what threatens the "new partnership" between the Democratic Party and the middle class. □

The New Killing Fields

ANTHONY DANIELS

JOHANNESBURG

WHEN I FIRST visited Johannesburg in 1975, shortly before the Soweto riots (or uprising—what's in a name?), one might have been forgiven for thinking that it was predominantly a white city. No one would make the same mistake today.

Hillbrow was then the nearest thing to a bohemian quarter that Goli—the City of Gold—could boast. It was in Hillbrow that the first tentative experiments in multiracial living, in defiance of the apartheid laws, took place. Intellectuals—guilt-laden at their own material comfort—gathered in cafés, and bookshops sold the ephemeral, self-consciously literary magazines which absorbed the energies of those who despaired of changing the real world around them.

Hillbrow is now almost entirely black. The sidewalk commerce of the poor has invaded its streets; one might be forgiven for thinking that Johannesburg is an all-black city. The process of Third Worldization of its once-modern center has begun, the whites and their businesses having fled to the northern suburbs, where something of a construction boom is taking place. The municipal art gallery in Joubert Park is like the last outpost of an alien civilization, soon to crumble to extinction. Inside, away from the febrile bustle of the streets, a strange, artificial tranquillity reigns; and there I saw something which would have been impossible only a few years ago: a small group of adolescent white girls taking a drawing lesson from a black teacher, and in the process calling him sir.

I had arrived at the gallery by taxi and resolved to leave on foot. As I left the gallery, a friendly black commissionaire asked me where I thought I was going. I said I was walking back to Parktown. "Don't," he said. "Take a taxi. It's the killing fields out there." He paused for a moment and then added: "It's a terrible thing when human life has no value."

He didn't mean by this the conventional wisdom about South Africa: that an evil government was killing brave freedom fighters of the African National Congress. He was referring to a much wider, and deeper, human catastrophe.

The level of violence in South African life is horrifying. Everyone has his story to tell: in the house where I stayed in the affluent northern suburbs the night watchman had recently been stabbed to death by his nephew, also employed there, for not having permitted the nephew's girlfriend to enter (the old man died in his employer's arms, apologizing for the inconvenience caused). And every night at Baragwanath hospital in Soweto the victims of violence are brought in not singly, but by the busload. I saw a girl of ten who had been casually stabbed in the face by a passerby; I saw a man who had been shot in the leg by a supporter of Inkatha, after his girlfriend had said to him on a bus that all supporters of Inkatha were stupid. With chivalry of a kind, the member of Inkatha who overheard her shot her boyfriend; and the doctors attending him said he was fortunate not to have been shot in the head.

South Africa has long been violent; I remember from 17 years ago (and shall never forget) the smell of stale maize beer mixed with the sweetish odor of drying blood which suffused the hospital corridors every Saturday night. This, it seemed to me then, was the violence of men brutalized by their conditions of life. But the violence now has a different quality: for many of the perpetrators, it has become a way of life, a *raison d'être*. It is ineradicable.

Insofar as the violence is politically motivated, the image given of it in the Western press is willfully misleading. There is no doubt that the government and security forces have perpetrated many killings, and connived at many more, or that Inkatha has been re-

Mr. Daniels's Utopias Elsewhere *is published by Crown.*

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sponsible for untold murders; but the portrayal in the press of the ANC as essentially civilized and peace-loving is absurd, at best wishful thinking by those with a guilty racial conscience, at worst a deliberate falsification.

The ANC now has a long history of brutal torture in its camps outside of South Africa, in Angola, Tanzania, and elsewhere, under conditions worse (according to those who have had the misfortune to experience both) than those created by the government. This brutality was not an aberration, but an essential means of forging totalitarian discipline. One of the ANC's most influential leaders, Joe Slovo, was an admirer of Stalin until the late 1980s, and it is simply not plausible that he was unaware of the late dictator's methods. A few thousand victims of torture would be but a small price to pay for his March of History.

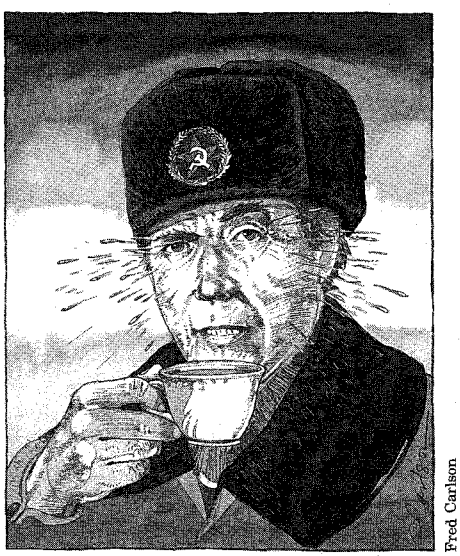
Worse still—as an augury for the future—is the ANC's call to make the townships ungovernable. "No education before liberation" was the slogan in the mid 1970s; and generations of children have known nothing but the pleasures of riot and intimidation. Such children grow to adulthood, if not maturity. Human destructiveness has been successfully allied to the illusion of higher purpose; and, with the Western media to supply the Hosannas, the impression has been given that the oppressed can do no wrong. Many blacks in South Africa who have to run the gauntlet of political hooliganism every day are in despair; they ask what future there can be for them under any conceivable government. They know the genie cannot be returned to the bottle, for those who have experienced the excitements of political activism will not easily submit to the humdrum discipline of work.

So entrenched have intimidation and extortion become in the townships that it is scarcely possible any longer to distinguish the political from the criminal. Furthermore, the South African Institute of Race Relations, an organization with a long history of impartial research under the most difficult of conditions, has documented beyond question the responsibility of the ANC for bringing this situation about. The rest of the world, however, ignores this finding; South Africa would not be the psychotherapy it is for those uncertain of their racial egalitarianism unless the ANC were Beauty to apartheid's Beast.

Joe Slovo admitted to me that the ANC had deliberately raised unrealistic expectations among "the masses" for its own political purposes. What he called simplifications, I should call lies. Alas, expectations are political facts. The late Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana said, "Seek ye first the political kingdom, and everything shall be added unto you." Four decades later, Ghana has not recovered from this fatuous idea, an idea conducive alike to the power of politicians and the impoverishment of peoples. □

A Visit to the General Staff

ELIOT A. COHEN



Fred Carlson

Moscow

A STORY, possibly apocryphal, that I heard while teaching at the Naval War College in Newport: A Soviet general, speaking to an American military audience: "We know what you study at your war colleges. You study foreign policy, and management, and international law. At our war college, however, we study war." In the 1980s American strategists knew that that was true. The Soviets, unlike us, had doctorates in military science, and generals wrote learned studies of military history. At the Academy of the General Staff the best officers—colonels and one-star generals—studied for two years before entering the General Staff, which turned to the academy for advice and special studies.

Back then, as an apprentice Cold Warrior, I could not have imagined that one day I would find myself journeying to Moscow to lecture at that Academy. Yet here I was, with four other academics and former policymakers, invited to spend three days lecturing to a hundred colonels and general officers. It was a marvelously expressive collection of visages: thin, intense, intellectual faces with gold-rimmed glasses and omnipresent cigarettes; deeply lined faces with hooded eyes and sardonic smiles; weary faces framed with white hair brushed back in the Russian fashion; the hard, alert, young faces of Afghan veterans.

We lectured about a variety of subjects, but chiefly about how the United States makes defense policy, and about the place of the military in American society. With regard to the former the Russians fired a barrage of proud and suspicious questions—"Why doesn't the United States forgo the first use of nuclear weapons?" "Doesn't CNN enable you to impose your view of world politics on other countries?" "Why are American forces operating in Somalia?" With regard to the latter the questions sometimes suggested a degree of bafflement or even wistfulness: "Can't a President circumvent Congress and declare war on his own?" "How does your President defend the interests of the military?" "Why has your Constitution lasted so long?"

Our audience seemed to approve of, or at least respect, a blunt defense of American interests. Interestingly enough they debated one another with no less vigor. And when we split into smaller groups the debates continued. The conversations confirmed my impressions from reading their works in translation: this was a group of formidably intelligent men.

They, and the military whose leaders they school, are also besieged. Their world has been turned topsy-turvy—hundreds of thousands of men

Mr. Cohen is Professor of Strategic Studies at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies.

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had to withdraw from Eastern Europe, and they suddenly found themselves peering across a new and generally undefended nine-thousand-kilometer frontier. A superpower's military establishment rests on hundreds of fixed installations, such as depots, communication facilities, training grounds, and airfields. Like a giant land tortoise that has lost a large chunk of its shell, such a state finds itself suddenly weak and vulnerable when that crust breaks off. Humiliation has made the physical losses all the worse. In a June 1992 interview with the military's official newspaper, *Krasnaya Zvezda*, the Minister of Defense, General Pavel Grachev, bitterly remarked of the withdrawal from Germany: "The Germans were running for four years during the Great Patriotic War, and it now turns out that we too have four years."

These shocks were exacerbated by two others. In the last two or three years the prestige of the military has collapsed, and the officers with whom I spoke were acutely conscious of the sudden hostility of the society in which they lived. Above all, they fear that they will be used for the dirty business of keeping the Russian state together, and then exposed to criticism for having done the job too brutally. We were questioned repeatedly about the way in which Ronald Reagan restored the prestige of our military and about the impact of Vietnam on the morale of the American officer corps.

On top of all these stunning blows came the Gulf War. I gathered that they were not rattled overmuch by the demonstration of the inferiority of Soviet equipment, because after all the Iraqis had no better luck with sophisticated French and South African equipment. Rather, the Gulf War undermined their confidence in mathematical models of war that predicted a bloodier outcome, while it appeared to confirm the predictions of those Russian military experts who had been proclaiming the imminence of a revolution in the conduct of war. They know all too well that for the moment only the United States can knit together the technologies of the kind that shattered the Iraqi military.

One might expect the Russian general staff to be reeling, then, and perhaps they are. But they have also, with quintessential seriousness, begun applying themselves to remedies. Defense Minister Grachev is a 44-year-old general, who served several tours in Afghanistan, and whose background is in the paratroops—this in an army dominated since World War II by tank generals. Grachev aims to reduce the military to a professional force of some 1.5 million men—an army suitable for rapid deployment to the Russian periphery. The Russians appear to have given up, if reluctantly, on superpower ambitions: they have their hands full on their borders, and perhaps even within them.

Which raises large questions of strategy for the United States. The Russians worry about Islamic fundamentalism in Central Asia, and they know that their relationship with China is uneasy. They fear that the United States and its allies may wish to push NATO right up to their new and uncertain western borders. More deeply and viscerally, they fear that the United States and the Europeans may prefer a prostrate Russia to a powerful one.

And some Western statesmen would, no doubt, prefer such a state of affairs. But an anarchic Russia would not only cause enormous human misery; it would spread hideous weapons and the intellectual skills required to manufacture them about the globe. Chaos in Russia would suck in all the powers on its periphery, and breed wars of succession that could go on for decades. If a strong Russia somehow emerges from its current wretchedness—and the Russians are an intelligent people, still endowed with a generous patrimony, plundered though it was by the Communists—it is in the American interest that they recover on some kind of decent terms with the West. A reconstructed Russia seething with hatred and resentment of a West that it believes has delighted in its troubles is a Russia that can only spell trouble for the peace of both Europe and Asia.

It is good policy, then, for the United States to assist Russia as best it can in the economic and social spheres, although just what forms of aid will actually help may be debated. There is, however, a danger that the strategic dimension will be overlooked in the rush to humanitarian aid. The United States must begin deciding now how it might view a whole range of behaviors on the periphery of the new Russia, weighing our commitment to the independence of some of the successor states or parts of them, and considering whether some common strategic interests do in fact exist. This does not mean throwing over the newly freed nations of Eastern Europe, or engaging in sentimentality where none is called for. But students of American diplomatic history will recall that once the Russo-American relationship was a reasonably civil one; and even the most skeptical among us may think that such ties might be renewed. The Cold War is over and Communism is dead. A new Russian policy must start afresh, not forgetting the past, but not in its thrall, either. □

Up from Liberalism

ADAM LIEBERMAN

New York City

HE HAS personally faced racism and fought on the front lines of the civil-rights movement, but he declares that the problems of the black community today rest in "a racial solidarity that apologizes for crimes and black failure." He has no qualms about labeling the indolent homeless as "bums," and he declares that gay and lesbian activists "have become tyrannical" in New York. He supported the nomination of Clarence Thomas and Robert Bork. His name is Roy Innis, and he has a fighting chance to become New York's next mayor.

Last December, in response to "the decline of quality of life in New York," Innis announced that he would run for mayor if a nucleus of New Yorkers—the "Brave 1,000"—volunteered for his campaign. While this announcement was largely ignored by newspapers and television, it was given wide exposure on talk radio, particularly WABC, where the acerbic Bob Grant runs a one-man Radio Free New York.

Mr. Lieberman, a New York–based writer, was the winner in 1990 of NR*'s Young Writers Contest.*

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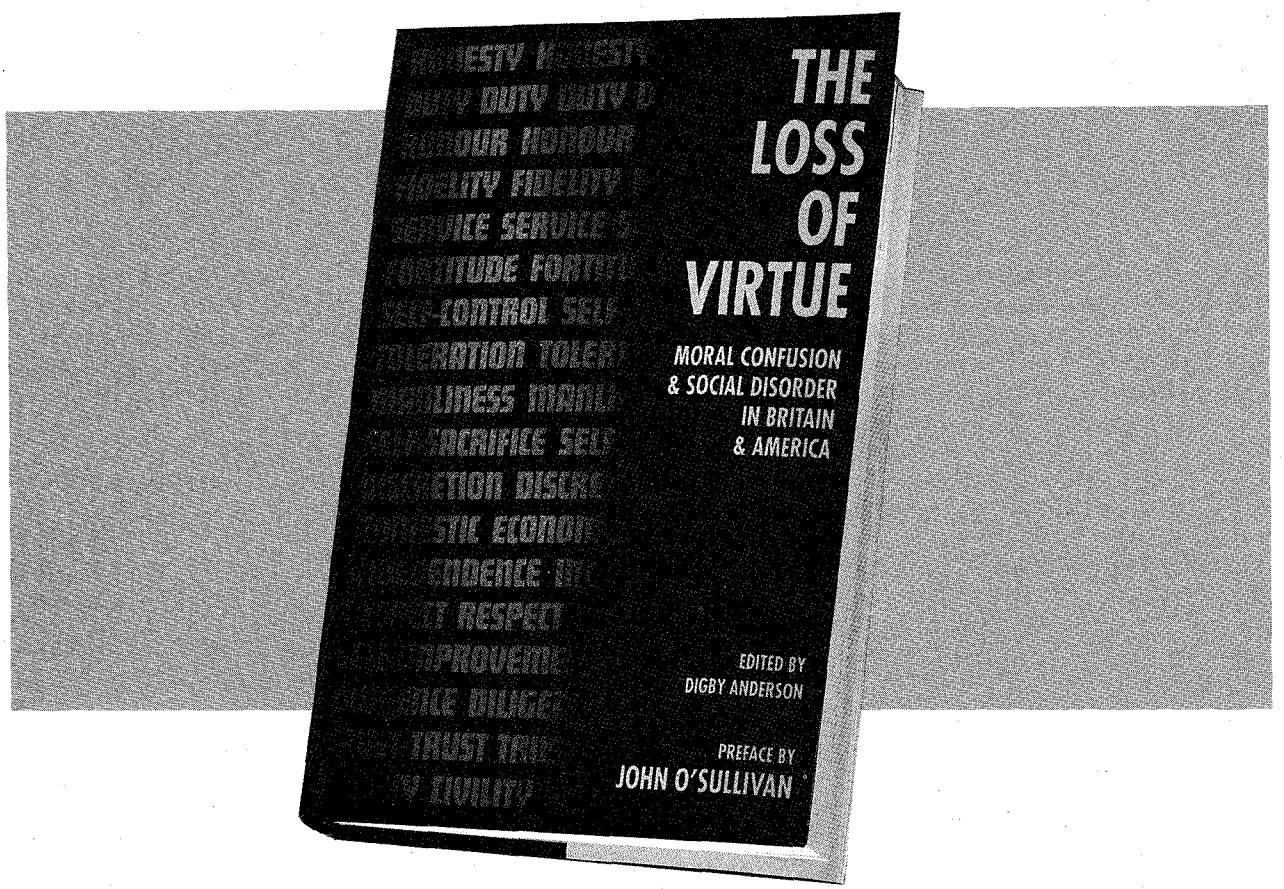
The Loss of Virtue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EDITED BY DIGBY ANDERSON
PREFACE BY JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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Within weeks, Innis had exceeded his goal of 1,000, and, as seen at a recent rally, his group is a true "rainbow coalition," with members of nearly every racial and ethnic group in New York included. Innis informed *NR* that he will formally launch his campaign on February 28, with a march across Brooklyn Bridge.

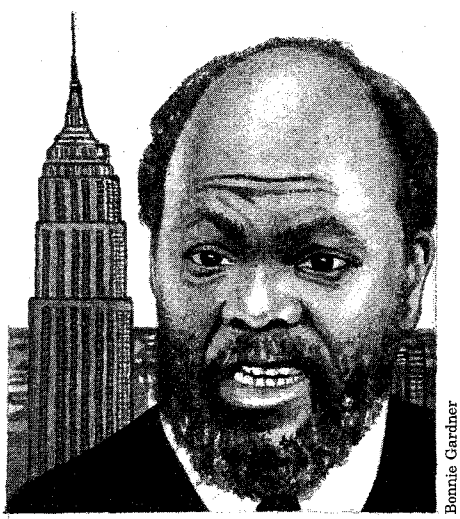
Although Innis has served as chairman of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), one of the nation's largest civil-rights organizations, for the last 25 years, many conservatives are unfamiliar with him, and unaware of the extent to which CORE's agenda has departed from that of the civil-rights establishment. This suggests that some conservatives have internalized the media's claim that black leadership runs the gamut from Ron Brown to Al Sharpton. As Innis remarks, "There's something wrong with the conservative movement when they don't reach out to conservative blacks who should be their natural blood brothers."

A powerful-looking man who sprinkles his conversation with historical references dating back to the Peloponnesian War, yet can outtalk a street hustler, Innis was born in 1934 in St. Croix, and came to New York as a youth. After serving in Korea, he applied to become a New York City police officer, but was not chosen despite passing the physical and scoring in the high 90s on the written exam. He worked as a medical researcher, and first became involved in CORE in the early 1960s, though not officially joining until some of those in the "left-wing, hate-whitey, sour grapes" faction questioned his involvement. He then rose through the ranks, becoming chairman of the Harlem office in 1965 and national chairman in 1968.

As chairman, he quickly acknowledged that "the civil-rights revolution has been won," and broke with other civil-rights groups by having CORE engage in programs to concretely improve conditions in the black community, such as assisting new immigrants, providing job training for welfare recipients, and organizing neighborhood groups to fight crime. Nor is his vision of equality limited to one race: during the 1990 Korean-grocery boycott, while Dinkins was silent, CORE filed a civil-rights suit to enforce the restraining order against Sonny Carson's goon squad.

He describes his main priority if he were mayor as "fighting the criminals, haters, and race-baiters, and those who acquiesce to them." He has been sharply critical of Dinkins on every racially charged incident of his administration, from the Korean boycott, to Crown Heights, to last summer's riot in Washington Heights, where the city paid for the funeral costs of a Dominican drug dealer slain by police. "There are plenty of deaths in New York every day where the city doesn't get involved or invite the family to Gracie Mansion. That's taking the side of the criminals."

So far Innis has not spoken out as lengthily on economic issues, but his orientation is toward, as he put it, "halting the decline in the business environment." He favors increased privatization and the reduction of the city's bloated workforce through attrition. He believes that rent control has lasted "beyond its productive life," and he would approve tenant-management proposals for public housing, which the Dinkins administration has reflexively vetoed.



Bonnie Gardner

On education, he would "remove the schools from the social battleground . . . the issues that have been fought in the schools over the last twenty years have been about race and sex and condoms, and this has nothing to do with education." He would leave teaching about AIDS and contraception to private groups and the churches, and would ask parents to permit random drug and weapon searches of students during the school day. Though he was an early proponent of "true multiculturalism"—CORE helped get Swahili taught in one public high school—he says that now "many black children are taught to be black before they're taught to be American, or even before they're taught to be human."

Given these positions, it may come as a shock that Innis will be running in the *Democratic* primary. Explains Innis, "The Democratic Party is the only game in town. It's unfortunate that we have a corrupt one-party, one-ideology system in New York City, and I'd like to change that. But being a Democrat doesn't mean you have to be a fool." Innis also hopes to receive the Conservative Party nomination; Conservative chairman Michael Long says he has not yet spoken with Innis on this matter but calls him "a good man and a good conservative spokesman. I don't see any problem with him on the issues."

Many New York conservatives have put their money on Rudolph Giuliani, who has a lock on the Republican nomination. Innis acknowledges that he and Giuliani "agree on a lot of things." Nonetheless, Innis feels that Giuliani is "a creature of the political system" who lacks "toughness." Innis also is frank in declaring that "I can crack down on crime more than a white man. . . . I have an immunity to the tar-baby of racism."

With four candidates in the Democratic primary (besides Dinkins, City Council President Andrew Stein and former Bronx Congressman Herman Badillo are running), there will almost certainly be a runoff, which Innis believes he can win. Conservatives have had such hopes dashed before, but this time something may have changed. From revolts against gay curricula in Queens to backlash against homeless shelters on the traditionally ultra-liberal Upper West Side, there are signs of previously unchallenged ideologies being called into question.

It is usually hyperbolic to speak of "an election in which the city's future hangs in the balance," yet that may well describe this mayoral election. Many long-time residents have said that they plan to flee once the housing market recovers, and the re-election of a mayor who has presided over four years of rising fear could seal the city's fate. Innis warns, "If I go down, then the signal is clear. It says that the old boy network is too strong, and New York is finished." □

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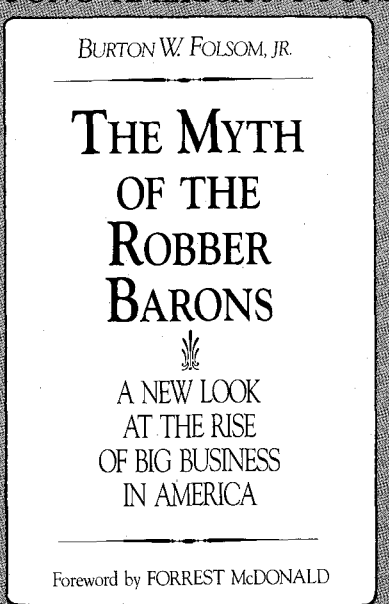
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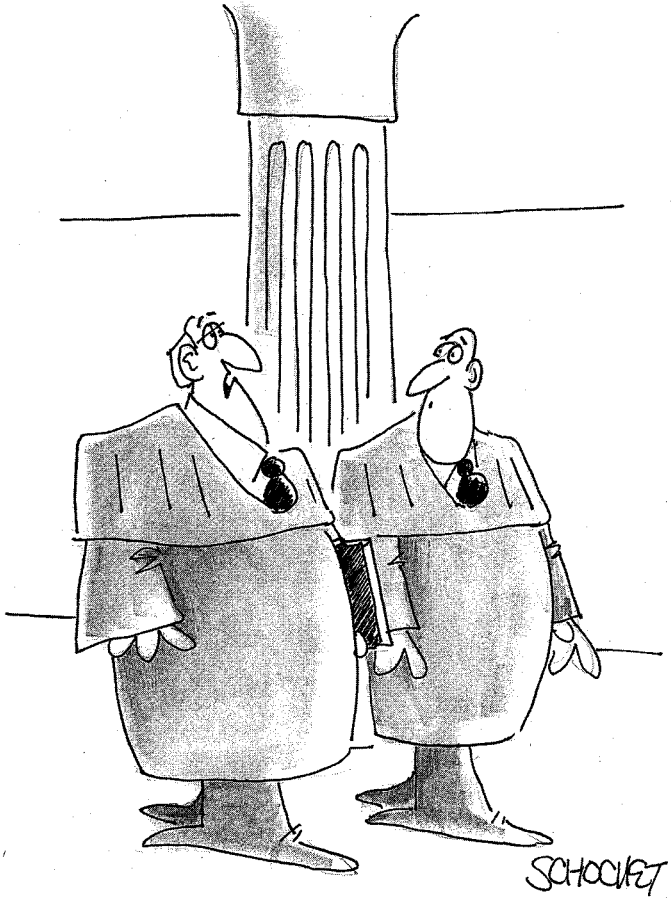

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Alternative World Order

HINGE OF FATE

The question making trans-Atlantic headlines is:
Could Churchill have made peace with Hitler?
A more puzzling question is:
Why did Hitler make war on the United States?

MICHAEL B. KING

February 20–25, 1993, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of the Kasserine Pass in Tunisia—the first time in World War II that American forces engaged German forces directly. This anniversary coincides with a new debate on the course of the war. British historian John Charmley argues in Churchill: The End of Glory, *published last month, that Winston Churchill should have made peace with Hitler in 1941 in order to preserve the British Empire. His argument was supported, in a controversial article in the London* Times, *by former MP Alan Clark, author of the history of the German invasion of Russia,* Barbarossa.

But would an Anglo-German peace have ended the war? For Hitler's most fateful decision lay in the future: his decision to declare war on the United States after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. It was that which called into being the coalition of forces that eventually defeated him. This declaration might not have been averted by a peace with Britain, and it would almost certainly have brought a non-combatant Britain back into the war on America's side. But suppose instead that Hitler had responded to Pearl Harbor with a declaration of neutrality . . .

CONVENTIONALLY, December 7, 1941, is taken as the turning point, the date when separate conflicts raging in Europe and Asia became a truly world war, as America's full might was thrown into the struggle against the Axis. In fact, Pearl Harbor did *not* bring America into the war against the Axis; on December 8, America responded to Japan's attack by declaring war *on Japan alone*. Three days passed before Hitler grasped a nettle he had repeatedly refused to seize and declared war on the U.S.; only then did America declare war on Nazi Germany.

Why did Hitler do it? Nothing in his treaty with Japan obliged him to declare war if Japan attacked America; that obligation arose only if America attacked Japan. Moreover, Hitler had refused for months to let America's extensive *sub rosa* involvement on Britain's side in the Battle of the Atlantic provoke him into a "premature" war with the United States. That December day, however, Hitler threw caution to the winds, as if to say, "We will fight you some day, let it be now." Hitler made many mistakes in his prosecution of the war—halting the panzers on the outskirts of Dunkirk, switching from bombing RAF bases to blasting London in the Battle of Britain, invading the Soviet Union—but this was the biggest, and it proved fatal to the Nazi cause.

Suppose Hitler had gone before the Reichstag on December 11 and *condemned* Japan's attack. Suppose he had declared that the Greater German Reich had no quarrel with America, and no wish to see German and American boys spill one another's blood. FDR would not have *dared* ask Congress to declare war against Germany in the face of such "generous" German sentiments. The result would have been the loss of freedom for continental Europe.

The effects would have been felt first in the Battle of the Atlantic. The political pressure to commit virtually all America's might to the Pacific theater becomes irresistible; Great Britain receives no more support in 1942 than it did in 1941, and probably less, as the isolationists—transformed into the "Japan First!" lobby—are on guard against any diversion of vital supplies. The pre–Pearl Harbor interventionists respond that we can't let Germany strangle Britain, lest we lose our ally; the Japan Firsters retort that the British ought to make peace with Germany, so they can throw all their weight into the fight with Japan. No one wins this argument except Germany, whose U-boat campaign comes ever closer to starving Britain.

Otherwise, events in 1942 proceed pretty much as

Mr. King is an attorney in Seattle, Wash.

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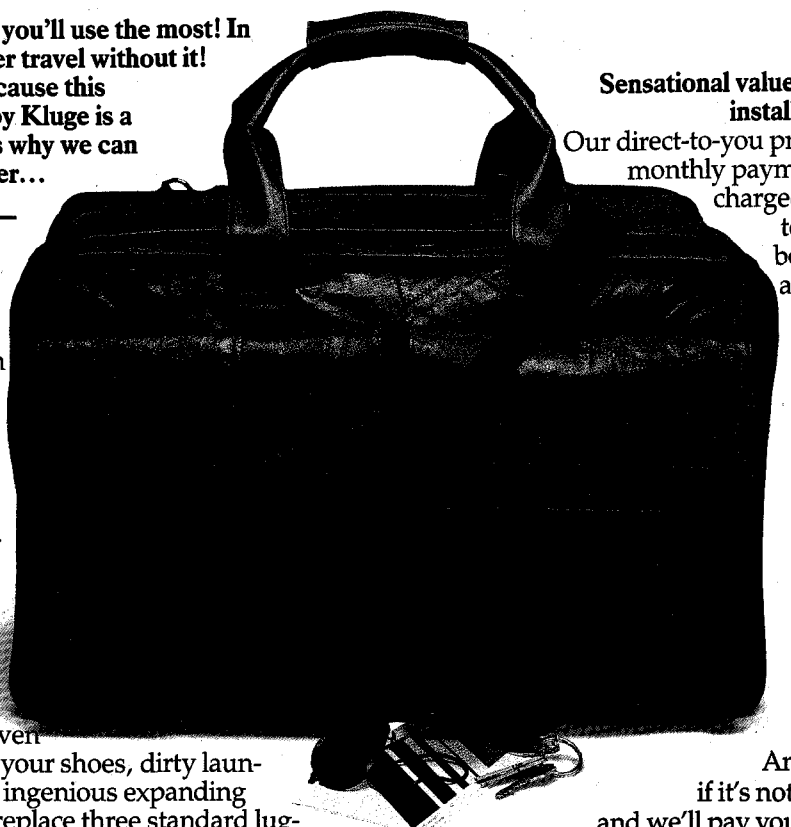

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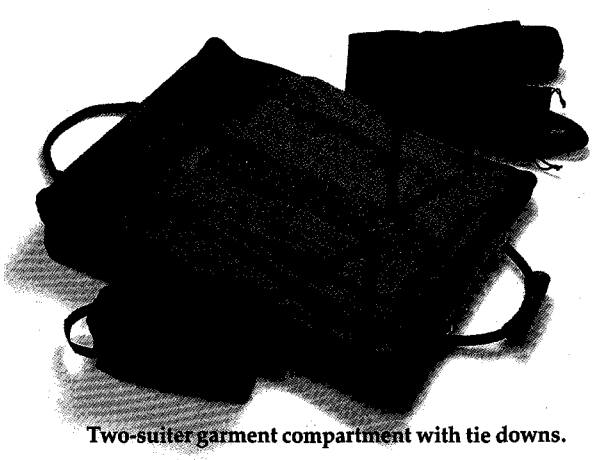

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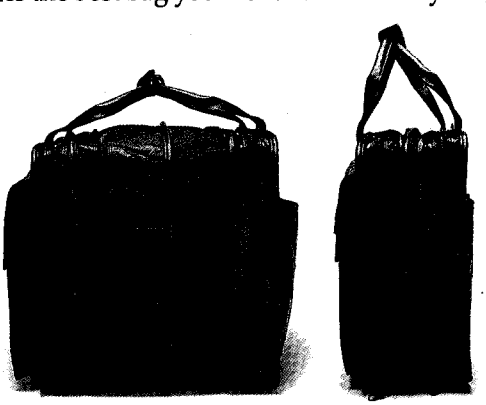

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they actually did. In the Pacific, the Japanese lose at Midway, our Navy begins its island-hopping campaign, and MacArthur starts his parallel effort to return to the Philippines. In Europe, the Germans are beaten at Stalingrad (the Soviet victory had virtually nothing to do with American supplies). In Egypt, Rommel is stopped at El Alamein. (He is *not*, however, thrown back into Libya. Montgomery's breakthrough would not have been possible without the three hundred Sherman tanks rushed to the Mideast after the fall of Tobruk; and Roosevelt would not have dared divert our newest armor to a battle against a country with which America was not at war.)

While 1942 remains somewhat familiar, 1943 will be *very* different. As history actually unfolded, an influential Tory circle around Lord Halifax thought Churchill recklessly combative and expected that Britain would probably have to make peace with Hitler—although only on "appropriate" terms, under "appropriate" circumstances. If the U-boats were starving the country, this group would not stand by and allow Churchill to refuse to talk peace with Germany. In the meantime, Hitler, reeling from disaster on the Eastern Front for the second winter in a row, and hoping the British will now be willing to "come to their senses," would certainly renew his earlier peace initiatives. So, when Churchill rebuffs these feelers, Halifax moves against him; as Churchill can offer no credible hope of American intervention, he is forced to step down.

Anglo-German Détente

WITH Churchill gone, Halifax and Hitler come to terms. Britain retains its overseas empire, while Germany receives the French and Belgian colonies in the Middle East and Africa. Britain retains its Palestine mandate, but must ensure that Jewish immigration stop. Germany and Britain informally divide Iraq and Iran, with Germany granted spheres of influence in the north of both countries. The European governments in exile (Polish, Norwegian, Dutch) must leave England. In a secret protocol, Germany agrees that Britain will receive a "favored position" in the Dutch East Indies if the U.S.–UK coalition drives out the Japanese.

The end of Anglo-German hostilities makes a huge difference in the Pacific. No Operation Torch landing in North Africa (although still battling gamely in December 1942, the British could not have attempted this one on their own), no invasion of Sicily, and no preparation for a D-Day in France means the release of vast resources for amphibious operations against Japan. No further Battle of the Atlantic means fewer merchant ships and destroyer escorts, and more carrier task forces. Nimitz's island-hopping campaign, MacArthur's return to the Philippines, the British push back into Burma, the supplying of China against the Kwantung Army, and the submarine campaign against Japanese shipping can be pressed with no outside material constraint. Objectives that, in real life, were abandoned in 1943 because of the demands of a competing European theater are now pursued. Chief among these is Rabaul in the Bismarck Archipelago, which the Japanese were preparing to use as their navy and air base for an all-out assault on Australia. The allies attack Rabaul in 1943, and the Japanese lose the Battle of the Philippine Sea (now, the Battle of Rabaul), one year earlier, but just as decisively.

However, 1943 sees no major changes on the European Eastern front. Hitler is determined to fight a massive tank action focused on Kursk in the center of the front. Although the Soviets are stretched thin logistically (the absence of those American trucks is beginning to tell), they still hand the Wehrmacht a serious setback. But Kursk is the last major Soviet victory. In 1944, Germany persuades Turkey to join the assault on Soviet Russia; with Britain out of the war, the diplomatic constraints against Turkey's joining the Axis are removed. A combined German–Turkish force strikes through the Caucasus, as the Germans renew their assault on Ukraine; German and Turkish forces end their summer campaign on lines well east and north of a conquered Stalingrad. The Germans and the Finns also sweep around Leningrad, forcing the city's capitulation; Hitler then carries out his threat to raze Peter the Great's capital.

The Soviets are desperate, having lost both the precious oil fields of Baku and their major wheat-growing regions in Ukraine. For the Japanese, 1944 is equally disastrous. The Philippines are liberated months early, and what is left of the Japanese Combined Fleet after Rabaul is smashed in the process. The British recapture Burma and plan Anglo-Australian amphibious assaults on the Japanese-held Dutch East Indies (for reasons not fully disclosed to the American ally). The island-hopping campaign reaches Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and by the end of the year Curtis LeMay is firebombing Japanese cities. Facing imminent invasion of the Home Islands—with no prospect of Soviet intervention in China—the Japanese begin withdrawing the Kwantung Army.

This is also a year of political change in America. FDR does not run for a fourth term, and Thomas Dewey decisively defeats James Byrnes. That December, Dewey and his Secretary of State–designate Arthur Vandenberg are given a secret briefing by Secretary of State Stettinius, General Marshall, and Admiral King, who report that Britain and America will defeat Japan but then confront a Nazi Germany triumphant in Europe and fomenting trouble around the world. Dewey and Vandenberg learn of the American atom-bomb program and of fears of similar German efforts. They are informed of the full horror of the Holocaust, and hear ominous first reports that the extermination program is being extended to Polish and Slavic populations. They are so impressed by this briefing that they abandon tentative plans for a postwar policy of rapprochement with Germany, and instead begin preparations for an alliance with Britain against the Reich.

The Great European and Pacific Wars end in 1945.

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With Moscow surrounded, no fuel for the surviving tanks and trucks, and the factories beyond the Urals subject to V-2 rocket attacks, the Soviet military overthrows the Communist Party. Stalin and his Politburo are massacred, and an emergency committee led by General Zhukov pleads for peace. The Nazis are exhausted by four years of war, and for once behave more like their Wilhelmine predecessors. The peace terms are a reprise of Brest–Litovsk, except that the territorial loss is greater, and the Slavic population on the German side of the re-drawn border is given seven days to leave or (in the chilling language of the Nazis' evacuation decree) "stand convicted of terrorist intentions against the Reich." The new "Russian Free State" (essentially, old Muscovy, plus Siberia) is bound economically, politically, and militarily to Germany, with the Germans gaining control of the Trans-Siberian Railway and the port of Vladivostok. Turkey receives the Mosul oil fields, northern Syria, the Caucasus, and German agreement to construct an airport and railway system that will link Turkey's economy to that of a German-dominated Europe.

For Japan the end of the Great Pacific War is agonizing. In March, the allies seize southern Kyushu, although at a terrible cost. As plans for Operation Coronet (the invasion of Honshu) proceed, the allies contemplate the prospect of millions of casualties on both sides. Then comes news of a successful atom-bomb test. To bring the war to a quick end (and make an impression on Berlin), bombs are dropped on Hiroshima and Niigata. On September 2, the Great Pacific War ends with surrender ceremonies on the decks of the *USS Missouri* in Tokyo Bay, presided over by Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower.

Der Kalte Krieg

NOW CONSIDER the resulting postwar world. Hitler is alarmed at the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Niigata, and finally gives German physicists the resources they need to build an "Aryan Bomb," which the Nazis get in 1949. Worse, they get it in conjunction with a rocket program headed by Wernher von Braun, which results in a significant German ICBM force by 1954. For a time America lags dangerously behind in missile development, and our bombers confront an extensive air-defense system based on successors to the ME262 jet fighter. If Hitler had not died of a heart attack in 1956, at the age of 67, to be succeeded by an uneasy troika of Himmler, Goering, and Guderian, the result might have been a nuclear holocaust before 1960. A more cautious German collective leadership, however, decides not to go to the brink. By 1962, a successful joint Anglo-American rocket program, pursued under the vigorous leadership of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and President Joseph Kennedy Jr., leads to the establishment of a nuclear "balance of terror."

Although the Nazis reject a hot war with the Anglo-American alliance, they pursue campaigns of subversion against British colonies in Africa and Asia, and promote Nazi and fascist movements in Latin America. The latter policy (exemplified by a proposed non-aggression treaty with Peronist Argentina) infuriates America, while the subversion campaign gives the British an excuse to denounce their non-aggression pact with Germany and enter into a formal alliance with the United States. The British won't voluntarily cede their military and political control of such imperial outposts as South Africa and India; whatever Labour might have contemplated before the war, all British political parties now agree that only the might of empire can deter the Germans from making a quick grab for the British Isles. The resulting "Empire Question" divides America, pitting traditional hostility to the British imperial system against the realization that America needs it as a check against German ambition. Reluctantly, America supports British imperialism, although not without difficulties (e.g., a crisis in 1946 over Britain's unilateral declaration of indefinite Anglo-Australian "trusteeship" for the Dutch East Indies).

If Hitler had not died of a heart attack in 1956, to be succeeded by an uneasy troika of Himmler, Goering, and Guderian, there might have been a nuclear holocaust before 1960.

In some ways, this postwar world is quite similar to our own. An alliance led by the United States confronts a totalitarian empire whose leaders, while not willing to take the all-or-nothing risk of a nuclear assault upon the alliance, engage in brushfire wars in Latin America, Africa, and Asia. However, this postwar world is much poorer than ours. There is no Bretton Woods, GATT, or EEC. Germany pursues a policy of autarky, while Britain resists ending imperial preference discrimination against America (claiming it must build up internal resources to be an effective partner in the struggle against Germany). America still experiences a boom in the late Forties and Fifties, based on the same internal market that fueled the postwar boom in our world. That growth peaks much earlier, however, because external markets are not available, and stagflation is the order of the day by the mid 1960s.

As in our world, the free nations must hang on and hope the economic irrationality of a totalitarian system collapses under the strain of pursuing global domination. However, Nazi irrationality may prove no match for native German efficiency and ability, as shown by German performance under Albert Speer in 1944–45. Any "August 1991" thus would be much longer in coming, if it ever came at all. In the meantime, the Holocaust would have been only the first episode in a continuing saga of awful crime. □

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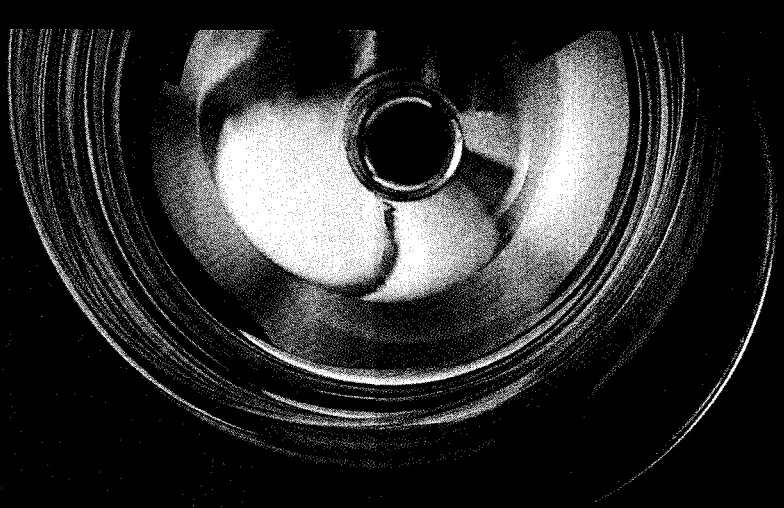

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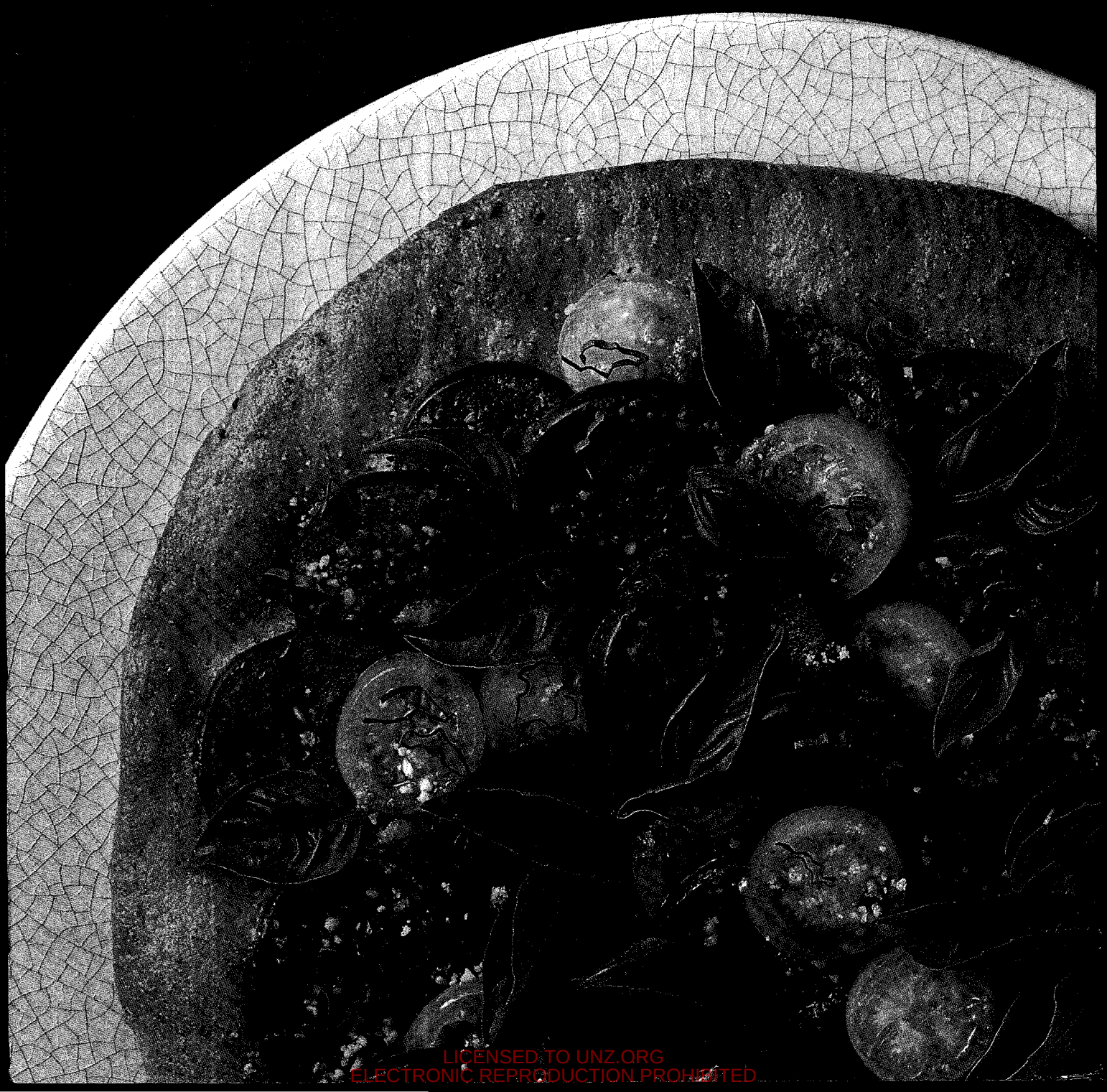

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Mr. Clinton v. the Brass

WHY NOT GAYS IN THE MILITARY?

Many homosexual men are as willing to fight as their heterosexual counterparts; is there any reason, apart from prejudice, to keep them out of the armed forces?

E. L. PATTULLO

IF, ON AVERAGE, gays are less martial than straights, it is only because some segment of the gay community has, traditionally, cultivated an effeminacy that disdains soldierly virtues. Many gays, certainly, are as courageous, and as willing and able to fight, as are straights. With homosexuality out of the military closet they would be no more likely to be security risks than anyone else. Why, then, does the military brass oppose Bill Clinton's decision to admit homosexuals into the armed forces?

A principal reason is that the President clearly intends that gays serve with other males in the same outfits and with no distinction being made. It is scarcely imaginable that it should be otherwise. But the reasons that persuade us to maintain some separation between males and females apply with equal force to gays and straights—with the single exception of the possibility of pregnancy.

Just as straight men and women are powerfully motivated to have sex with each other, so gays are motivated to have sex, not just with other gays, but with any person of their own gender to whom they are attracted. Gays are as able as the rest of us to control their libido, which means that—like the rest of us—they often need a bit of help in doing so. The intensity of the sexual urge—gay or straight—is so strong that society recognizes that it is sensible, even in this permissive era, to maintain some barriers between potential sex partners.

Least important of many difficulties (but not insignificant to those who respect the dignity of our troops) is that individuals, male or female, generally dislike being forced to perform their private functions in front of others who, unilaterally, view them as sex objects. A country just awakening to women's sensitivity to unwanted sexual attention should not find it difficult to understand why a man would prefer not to bunk directly above, below, or next to another man who finds him sexually attractive. Or to shower with him. If some military quarters now offer the limited privacy of college dormitories, many still consist of barracks with common sleeping rooms, gang showers and toilets, and no escape from one's fellows. In the field, even closer physical intimacy is the norm rather than the exception.

Nor is it simply a matter, as the current cant phrase has it, of persuading straight soldiers to ignore what gay ones "do in the bedroom." It is childish to imagine that we leave our sexuality behind as we go about our daily affairs. Only a child (or a sophist trying to make a point) can deny awareness of the sexual nuance, subtle though it be, that invades every facet of adult human relationships. The most gentlemanly male, or ladylike (if that word still has currency) female, cannot help giving and receiving sexual signals in even the most ordinary social transactions. Though the quality of relations between individuals of the same gender and those of opposite genders differs, both are affected by the participants' sexuality. To imagine that openly gay soldiers will be indistinguishable from straight comrades except in their off-duty behavior is to ignore the reality of our animal nature.

Clinton's only acknowledgment of this difficulty, to date, is the implication that he will allow the military to enforce strict rules governing the overt sexual behavior of all ranks. However strict, it is unlikely that any set of rules can obviate the concern of military leaders that enlistment of open gays will be "prejudicial to good order and discipline." Stuffy though it sounds, it is a well-placed concern.

A Sexual Continuum?

IN A country that often seems obsessed with sex, our ignorance about many of its aspects remains abysmal. Consequently, we can only say it is likely that sexual orientation spans a continuum from exclusively straight at one end to purely gay at

Mr. Pattullo was, until his retirement in 1987, director of the Center for the Behavioral Sciences, associate chairman of the department of psychology, and director of the psychological laboratories at Harvard University.

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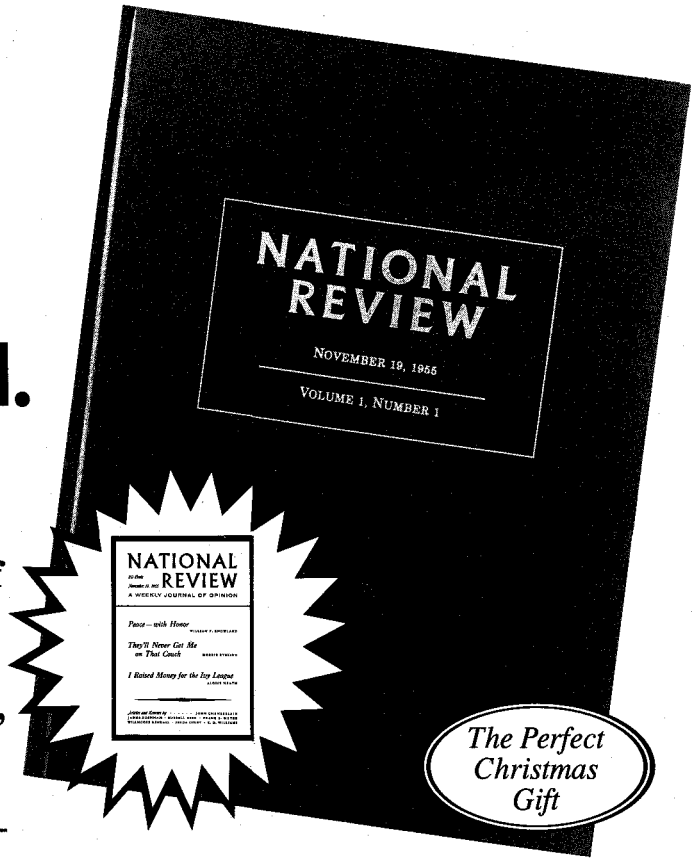
And Bill Buckley Said "Let There Be Right." And There Was Right. And The Right Was Good.



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the other. How individuals are grouped along this continuum no one knows, but it is a good guess that a significant number of men and women are somewhere in the middle and capable—in certain circumstances—of responding erotically to either sex. In many individuals the urge to have sex with the opposite sex co-exists with a capacity to enjoy sex, also, with those of their own gender.

The military, therefore, has reason to worry not only that gays will interact erotically among themselves, but also that many men, primarily straight, will get amorously involved with gay comrades. In addition, in circumstances where opposite-sex partners are unavailable (a frequent situation in military life), the fact that

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
OKAY, HERE'S THE DEAL: LES, YOU GO WIDE... SAM, YOU HANG BACK AND BLOCK FOR ME... THE REST OF YOU—
ASPIN
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MILITARY
GAYS

homosexuality is not absolutely prohibited is likely to lead to an increase in the number of same-sex liaisons. The example of the prisons is instructive on this score.

While it is estimated that rather less than 10 per cent of American males live gay lives (whether in or out of the closet), Alfred Kinsey found that well over a third of the men he interviewed had responded to homosexual stimuli to the point of orgasm at some time in their lives. This vastly enlarges the potential for disruption that enlistment of gays presents.

But why should homosexual activity within the ranks be a problem—apart from offending straight sensibilities?

Perhaps it need not be seriously damaging to all branches of the service, but combat troops are heavily dependent on maintaining a macho culture, marked by stern discipline and a rigid hierarchy of command. Fighting forces must be habituated to a world so disciplined as to ensure unquestioning obedience in life-and-death situations. These same troops must be capable also of enduring long periods in the field without loss of morale, even while subject to excruciating boredom and to the absence of all normal amenities—including the company of members of the opposite sex.

Military authorities are unanimous in their insistence that they know of no way to establish the rugged culture essential to their task other than through the uncompromising command structure traditional to the profession. Respect for superiors, verging on fear, must animate the conduct of all concerned. Artificial barriers between those of greater and lesser rank are purposely erected to prevent the development of the easy familiarity that encourages one person to question the authority of another.

It is easy to caricature this aspect of military life as a tough-guys game played by overgrown boys. Civilian life simply offers no counterpart to the military's need for mores that enable groups to function effectively both through long periods of inactivity and in desperate situations where each individual knows he is in danger of losing his life.

Introduction of the certainty of sexual intrigue into combat ranks poses a serious threat to military culture. Only those too young to have experienced amorous love, or too old to remember its power, can deny its potential for disrupting working relationships. It takes no perfervid imagination to recognize the temptation faced by a homosexual officer or non-com responsible for shaping a beautiful young GI into an obedient soldier. Nor is it absurd to imagine that same youth tempted to use the power of his beauty to gain favor with those who control every facet of his daily life. Think, also, of the reactions of any who imagine (rightly or wrongly) that peers are being favored because of their attractiveness. Stern regulations can limit the occasions when such passions erupt into public view, but they cannot eliminate them, nor can they obviate the certainty that these emotions will affect the covert actions of those gripped by them.

Implicit in the argument that the sexual orientation of many men is someplace between gay and straight is the idea that for them—if not for those at the far ends of the continuum—it is largely learned behavior. Too little is known to be certain just how or when that learning takes place. Yet it is entirely possible that some young people are still in the process of determining their primary orientation even into early adulthood. Such youths will face a new hazard in joining a military that makes no distinction between gay and straight. The intimate, around-the-clock conditions of barracks life will put them—as compared to their civilian counterparts—at increased risk of gravitating toward primary homosexuality.

The Varieties of Love

THERE IS an added difficulty that often troubles relations between gays and straights. Love comes in many varieties, one of which is strong affection devoid of amorous longing. Such relationships are highly valued by straights, including the many who deplore homosexuality. It is good to have a real buddy. Traditionally, friendship of this kind has been prized by the military because, spread through a well-trained platoon, it produces a kind of bonding that greatly enhances group performance. But the love that binds buddies is premised on a total absence of sexual desire.

The known presence of gays in the armed forces is apt to make love of this kind suspect, interfering with an

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important element of *esprit de corps*. To be uncertain whether the friendly arm about the shoulder or comradely pat on the rear is motivated by eros or fraternity is disconcerting. Discovery that it is the former, especially after a degree of intimacy has already been established, prompts anger in many straights because they then feel they have been misled in a very basic way.

On another point, it is certain that recruitment of sexually active gays will result in a pronounced increase in the incidence of AIDS amongst our troops. Battlefields are bloody. In addition to the fear of death by enemy action, combat troops will have to worry about being infected by the blood of wounded comrades. Even in peacetime, rigorous field training inevitably results in scrapes and scratches in situations where soldiers are, willy-nilly, in close contact with one another. The careful procedures that protect civilian workers who come into contact with those who are HIV-positive are simply not possible under field conditions.

Many members of the military's gay population will be content to keep their sexual orientation to themselves in an integrated military, secure in the knowledge that it is no longer any business of the brass. Others are likely to join forces with political activists in the civilian sector, vigorously insisting on extending all "gay rights" to those in the service. Housing for married couples is provided on many military bases; are gay couples to be denied? Already, the extension to gays' dependents of rights long enjoyed by wives and families (e.g., health and pension benefits) is demanded. Campaigns to root out homophobes (too often defined as any who do not support the gay political agenda) will become a regular feature of military life. It is foreseeable, also, that pressure for proportional representation of gays at all levels of command will grow, raising the spectacle of affirmative-action recruitment of gay sergeants.

Finally, it is predictable that armed forces in which gays serve equally with straights will, eventually, attract a disproportionate number of homosexuals. At present this seems farfetched because gays have long tended—understandably—to be antagonistic toward a military that rejects them. But, once the services accept openly gay recruits, the fact that the military offers a career spent surrounded by other males will surely be tempting to those who prefer male company. The problems I have sketched will be compounded as the ranks come to include ever growing numbers of homosexuals.

The American military is highly responsive to civilian control, and it is thoroughly professional. If ordered to do so it will find ways to adapt to the enlistment of individuals who proudly declare themselves gay. But doing so has the potential to diminish permanently the efficiency of combat troops. Is the gain for the gay community worth the likely loss in the effectiveness of our military?

The tolerance that is emerging in the United States (consequent upon the gays' own long, largely admirable campaign against irrational hatred) offers homosexuals assurance that they will soon be able to move freely in almost every walk of civilian life. The reasons for continuing to exclude them from serving in the armed forces rest on basic differences between military and civilian life. The difficulties posed by integration of gay and straight are serious, and have nothing to do with prejudice or blind tradition.

President Clinton, probably because of his own lack of military experience, has erred in overruling his senior military advisors in order to keep an unfortunate promise made in the heat of the campaign. Thanks to their professionalism our armed forces will survive, but they will be weakened. Though hard to quantify, the cost to morale will be real and lasting. □

On to 1996

JUNK BOND

Divisiveness is a two-way street; Republicans can't afford either kind if they are to return to power.

EDWARD J. ROLLINS

RICH BOND, the departed RNC chairman, is a friend of mine and a man I have respected over the years as one of the best political operatives in the Republican Party. That is why I was so disappointed by the farewell speech he gave to the National Committee meeting in St. Louis. In his swan song to the party faithful, political tolerance took on a double meaning. His injunction to tolerance was part of an intolerant attack on some of our party's most loyal supporters.

Indeed, there is a pattern here. Rich Bond was wrong at the Republican Convention last August when he condemned the Democrats with his statement, "We are America; these other people are not America." He's wrong now when he says in effect, We are the Republican Party; these other Republicans are not.

If Republicans like Rich Bond can learn from past mistakes, it should now be apparent to them that we need to make room in our party for a broad and diverse range of ideas and lifestyles. We should not shut anyone out—including the more conservative elements of our party.

Looking back at the Bush Presidency, it's clear that the Bush camp attempted to substitute an attitude for ideas. Not only did they not have the "vision thing," they mocked it as something trivial compared to how well they were managing the status quo. As a result, Americans who were struggling to shed a pessimism brought on by a downturn in the economy concluded their President simply didn't understand their problems. Nor did they believe he offered them any hope that things would change in a second term.

Ronald Reagan had attracted the

Mr. Rollins was Ronald Reagan's campaign manager in 1984.

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most impressive coalition in American politics since FDR. When he passed the baton to George Bush in 1988, all the pieces were still in place. It included economic conservatives, moderate Republicans, neo-conservatives, blue-collar Democrats, pro-lifers, pro-choicers, fundamentalist Christians, and—perhaps most importantly—it included younger voters. The secret of making this coalition work was that there were many strong voices at the table, and differences over certain policy positions didn't cause excommunication from the party.

Ronald Reagan awakened a new sense of patriotism in America, but he didn't do it with sharp-edged partisan rhetoric. He also had an economic message that offered hope and promise to every American, not just a few. Ronald Reagan valued family life, yet he knew from experience that one American's notion of family could be quite a bit different from his neighbor's. More than anything, Ronald Reagan had vision and he knew how to communicate it.

In three short years with George Bush in the driver's seat, all the wheels came off. From day one the Bush Administration put out the message: Reagan people need not apply. By August of last year, they had alienated so many people that they had to try to push themselves across the finish line on the backs of the one constituency that remained with them. It obviously didn't work. But that's no reason to attack the people who stood by the President in his final hour.

To condemn the most active Republicans, the backbone of the grassroots conservative movement—and over a quarter of the Republican voters last November—is absurd. Fundamentalist Christians and pro-life groups are not the ones responsible for the failures of George Bush. The Clinton people said it best: It was the economy, stupid.

They Read His Lips

GEORGE BUSH'S trouble began with the disastrous budget deal of 1990. Besides breaking his no-new-taxes pledge, it pushed a teetering economy over the brink of recession. Then, for the next 18 months, while Americans became more and more pessimistic about the economy, the President refused to admit we had a problem at all. And once he acknowledged we had a problem, he appeared both unwilling and unable to do anything about it.

From November of 1991 until January of 1992, we were told he would fix everything in his State of the Union address. When he finally delivered his speech, it was less than inspiring, but he had at least thrown down the gauntlet to Congress over taxes and spending—giving them a hundred days to act or he would take his case to the American people. Newly installed Party Chairman Rich Bond even hung a banner from RNC headquarters across the street from the Capitol to count the days remaining before George Bush took off the gloves.

What happened? The banner disappeared. The gloves never came off. And George Bush again failed to make a case—any case—with the American people.

"You know what really gives me a feeling of power? Rounding things off to the nearest billion."

Now the job of trying to resurrect a phoenix from the ashes falls to a new party chairman, Republican leaders in Congress such as Senator Bob Dole and Congressman Newt Gingrich, and some of our outstanding governors around the country.

Haley Barbour is as smart a pol as there is. Though he has worked in Washington, he and his family have continued to live in Mississippi. He didn't learn his politics inside the Beltway, as so many of the Bushies did. Haley has been a party operative at the grassroots, winning Republican victories in the Democratic South. He was an early and important player in the Reagan years. He has been a candidate himself. And most important of all, he understands what inclusion really means.

Haley's remarks following his election as party chief were thoughtful and very telling. He rightly acknowledged that abortion should not and cannot be a litmus test for Republicans. But he also made it clear that we need to build from our base, not tear it down as some are advocating.

I believe we make room in the Republican Party not by changing our positions, but by changing our priorities. The Republican Party needs to regain its position as the champion of individual freedom and limited government, as a strong defender of our national security, and as a catalyst for democratic change throughout the world. To get there we need an agenda—a broader agenda than we offered last August.

Fortunately, we have no shortage of leadership to help bring us back. Jack Kemp, Vin Weber, Bill Bennett, and others are working to develop a message of empowerment and economic renewal. Senator Phil Gramm, who provided energetic leadership at the Senate Campaign Committee last cycle, is in position to help us try and recapture the Senate in 1994. And Senator Dole and others have already shown they will engage the Democrats with a stronger sense of loyal opposition than we ever got from the Bush White House.

We also have some outstanding governors who have a firm grasp on where the country is headed and how our party needs to change to keep pace. Tommy Thompson in Wisconsin, Bill Weld in Massachusetts, Carroll Campbell in South Carolina, and others have shown how to hold the Reagan coalition together while reaching out to new, untapped factions.

Those among us who hold tightly to certain cultural and religious beliefs ought to be free to do so. Indeed they are free to do so—on both sides. I have yet to hear a pro-life conservative say that pro-choicers need not apply. But a party that contains both pro-lifers and pro-choicers will inevitably have a profound debate on abortion. How that debate will turn out I cannot foresee. My own instinct would be to transfer the debate from the federal arena back to the states, and let different states choose different levels of regulation. It is the genius of our federal system that it allows state law to reflect preponderant moral sentiment locally while the nation is making up its col-

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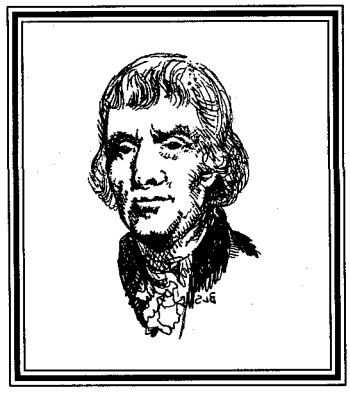
BANNED ON CAMPUS?

Washington

Adams



Jefferson

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lective moral mind. But I would be less than honest if I did not admit that such a solution would also be extremely convenient for the GOP. We do not need planks in the platform favoring one faction over another.

I am encouraged that Haley Barbour is our new chairman. I believe that he, like Bill Brock in the Carter years, will help rebuild and broaden our party for the next presidential showdown. He's an able and articulate spokesman and his leadership is based on an open election of party leaders from around the country.

Equally important, Haley Barbour is no stalking horse for any one presidential candidate—and that's exactly the kind of chairman we will need to keep us together as each of us begins to fall in behind our own candidate of choice for 1996. □

No to Vouchers

EVILS OF CHOICE

As conservatives raise the flag for school choice, a libertarian says: ''Beware: Government ahead!''

JEFFREY A. TUCKER

CONSERVATIVES are mostly united in support of "school choice"—giving parents vouchers to be spent at private schools. The reasons are obvious: public schools have been a mess for decades, and private schools can be expensive. Yet vouchers could present a danger. If private schools accept publicly funded students, it will invite more government intrusion into private education.

When Milton Friedman first proposed school vouchers in *Capitalism and Freedom* (1962), he assured us that "the role of the government would be limited to ensuring that the [private] schools met certain minimum standards." Since then, however, the government's reach into education has become longer, its social-engineering agenda more ambitious, and its cultural model further removed from religious tradition.

No incident better illustrates this than the controversy in District 24 in Queens, New York, whose board refused to approve a curriculum that has first-graders being taught the wonders of gay and lesbian marriage. The New York Schools Chancellor Joseph Fernandez suspended the school board for their action. His decision was wrong, of course, but few deny the government's right to regulate public-school curriculums. Do we want the same people involved in private schools?

Spencer McCallie, headmaster of a large private school in Chattanooga, Tennessee, worries that accepting voucher students might subject his school to new regulations—"perhaps not immediately, but eventually." It is tough enough "going through the regional accrediting process," he says. He thinks the school's political opponents would gain new leverage if his students were spending public money.

Specifically, McCallie worries that decisions now made internally—on tuition, curriculum, admission standards, discipline—might become the province of political appointees at the state and even federal level. "Bureaucrats don't know where to draw the line," he says. Even the single-sex status of the McCallie School could come under fire. In the case of religious schools, it could mean de-emphasizing doctrine and removing religious symbols.

No one doubts that school vouchers would bring private schools under federal, state, and local anti-discrimination laws to a greater extent than is now the case. Some choice advocates have considered this a virtue. John Miller, an associate of the Center for the New American Community, writes in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 14] that, contrary to critics' claims, vouchers will not result in racially segregated outcomes. In fact, he says, "vouchers would encourage a racial commingling that does not occur in our present neighborhood-based public schools." Why? "Most choice plans include non-discrimination clauses."

But "non-discrimination" does not mean what it appears to mean. Far from ensuring fairness, these laws enable the exercise of arbitrary state power. To the extent that private-school standards produce disparities that fall along racial lines, the schools would face pressure to change those standards. Indeed, any deviation from statistical equality, as John O'Sullivan argued in the *Salisbury Review*, becomes "*ipso facto* evidence of the denial of a right, alias 'discrimination.'"

Religious high schools that accept vouchers may not immediately be forced to allow gay groups on campus. But if recent political trends continue, it is not absurd to expect such things in the future. Once private schools become semi-public through vouchers, any number of controls that now apply to business could come into effect, as documented in *Forbidden Grounds*, Richard Epstein's attack on anti-discrimination law. Certainly private schools would come under regulations like the Americans with Disabilities Act, which, in today's legal environment, will mandate *de facto* quotas for even the mentally retarded.

The most famous example of vouchers is Wisconsin's program, with legislator Polly Williams as its most public advocate. Private schools participating in the program must sign a "Notice of Intent to Participate" which forces them to abide by "all federal and state guarantees protecting the rights and liberties of individuals including freedom of religion, expression, association, unreasonable search and seizure, equal protection, and due process." Broadly interpreted, this could bring a self-governing private school under complete legislative control.

The Council for American Private Education also argues for vouchers. Joyce McCray, its executive director, told me that she had "no objection to anti-discrimination law" being applied to the private schools she represents. Could it be taken too far? "There is al-

Mr. Tucker is editor of The Free Market, *a publication of the Ludwig von Mises Institute.*

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ways a risk," and she admits that many of the schools she represents express concerns about what vouchers would mean. But she wants to press on. "I believe in problem solving that allows parents the opportunity to choose *and* preserves the independence and integrity of the school," she says. "I believe it can be done."

Lawrence Reed, president of Michigan's pro-voucher Mackinac Center, agrees that voucher programs can be written so as to "construct a choice system that does not invite government intrusion into private schooling." The failed Oregon and Colorado state initiatives, for example, would have prevented the state from creating any new authority over private schools except for setting minimum student achievement standards. The California initiative scheduled for 1994 will do the same.

A Nose in the Tent

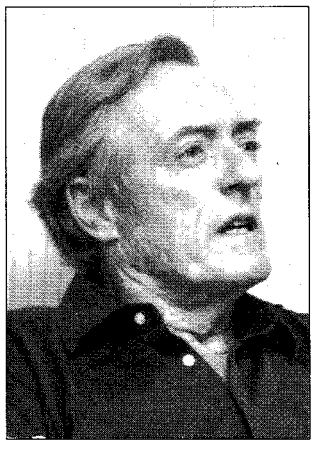
YET EVEN if initial legislation poses no dangers, it can always be amended at a later date, or altered by a judge. Politicians might cite the precedent of housing vouchers, argues Frank R. Kemerer, a professor of education law at the University of North Texas, Denton. The Department of Housing and Urban Development's "certificate program is highly intrusive. It strictly regulates who may rent units from private owners, the monthly rent, the amount of assistance, the terms of contracts," and "types of housing" involved. Federal regulations even demand "good cause" for lease termination.

In 1982, notes Kemerer in *Education Week*, three Supreme Court decisions argued that when there is a close financial nexus between the state and the private action, the private party can be regulated as if it were a state agency. "In effect," voucher programs might force private schools to "become an arm of the state."

The United States would not be alone in the publicization of private schools. Programs in Western Europe establish the rule that the greater the amount of the voucher, the greater the regulation, says Estelle James, professor of economics at the State University of New York, Stony Brook. High-subsidy schools must obey regulations concerning curriculum, organization, functions, facilities, equal access for all groups, teacher salaries, hours of instruction, class size, conditions of work, and more. The proof is documented in *Choice of Schools in Six Nations* by Charles L. Glenn, a treatise published, ironically, by the Department of Education to support the case for vouchers.

David Boaz, vice president of the Cato Institute, advocates vouchers because, he says, "given what we know about bureaucracies" it is "no surprise that the [public] schools don't work very well." That's certainly true, but given what we also know about bureaucracies, it's not surprising that public funding and government control should be linked. And given the state's historic role in education, there is no sector in which it will demand more accountability.

Conservatives have argued for a linkage between funding and control in other areas. When the National Endowment for the Arts placed restrictions on the "artists" it funded, conservatives rightly said, If freedom of expression is what you want, don't take public money. The same was true of the "gag rule" that prevented pub-



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licly funded clinics from discussing abortion with pregnant women. Conservatives rightly pointed out that free speech is not absolute when other people's money is being used. The party picking up the tab tells the piper what tune to play.

Private schools do not have to take vouchers, of course. But by refusing them, a school subjects itself to unfair competition from subsidized schools. When faced with the option of shutting their doors versus watering down the curriculum and taking down religious symbols, private schools will joint the program.

There are other reasons to be skeptical of vouchers. To date, every proposed program imposes new spending, but without cutting public-school money. That includes Senator Orrin Hatch's "Low Income School Choice Demonstration Act" and President Bush's FY 1993 budget request. Clint Bolick of the conservative Institute for Justice has actually filed suit on behalf of parents in inner-city Los Angeles and Chicago to force the government to give them $5,000 per year per child for private-school tuition. How is this different from old-style liberal welfare? While it's true that not everyone can afford a top education, not everyone can afford an expensive car or home. Inequities are facts of life that mature people learn to accept. Attempting to erase them ends only by empowering the state.

Yet even if all these objections were met, and school choice eventually led to budgetary savings, it would hardly justify giving up the independence of private schools, a sector in which merit and excellence still matter. Like successful businesses, private schools do well precisely because they are funded with private money and are managed independently of politics. Instead of making public schools more like private schools, which should be the goal, vouchers may well do the reverse. □

Sarajevo Again

THE THIRD BALKAN WAR

Yugoslavia's history shows both the prudence and the danger of staying out of the way.

ROSSEN VASSILEV

JUDGING from the hesitant American response to the Yugoslav crisis, Washington's foreign policy continues to be plagued by the Vietnam syndrome, thought to have been cured once and for all by the Gulf War victory.

In his June 1991 trip to Belgrade, then–Secretary of State James Baker sided with the Serb-dominated Yugoslav regime by warning the non-Serb republics not to expect U.S. recognition of their secessions. This tragic blunder gave the proponents of Great Serbian chauvinism *carte blanche* to unleash a war of aggression which has so far cost the lives of more than fifty thousand civilians in Slovenia, Croatia, and Bosnia–Herzegovina.

The United States has been at a loss to respond. High-level statements have indicated that the official U.S. policy is still to give UN sanctions a chance to eliminate the need for American intervention.

But economic sanctions have not deterred Serb forces from overrunning a third of Croatia and most of Bosnia–Herzegovina. In fact, the ineffectiveness of the sanctions has been underscored by recent reports of the inability of Rumanian and Bulgarian border patrols on the Danube to prevent Serbian-flagged barges from delivering embargoed crude oil to Belgrade. Similarly, neither the London peace conference of last summer nor the now collapsed Geneva negotiations have put an end to the Serbian campaign of terror.

Words, Words, Words

SO FAR, STERN words from Washington have not been matched by action on the ground. To justify their inaction, high-ranking officials from the Bush Administration indicated that since no compelling U.S. interest seemed to be at stake in Yugoslavia, there was no need to risk American lives in military action against Serbia's war machine.

President Clinton has yet to follow up on his suggestion during the campaign that U.S. air power be used to halt Serbian atrocities. Nor has Secretary of State Warren Christopher disclosed what the direction of the new U.S. policy is going to be. But he has wisely distanced the United States from the peace plan hatched by Cyrus R. Vance and Lord Owen. The peace plan divides Bosnia–Herzegovina into ten semi-independent regions—three mostly Serb, three mostly Croat, three mostly Muslim, and one mixed—tied together by a loose central government in Sarajevo. It is not only unfair, since it legitimizes Serbian territorial gains, but also unworkable, as shown by recent clashes between Bosnian Muslims and Bosnian Croats over contested land. It has even been rejected by the Bosnian Serbs, who are its obvious beneficiaries.

It was understandable that the Bush Administration preferred to stay out of the conflict in such a complicated part of the world, and yet ignoring an escalating crisis in an area long known as the "tinderbox of Europe" is to court disaster in the long run. After all, it was the Serbian-sponsored assassination of Austrian Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo that sparked World War I with all its tragic consequences.

However, a more appropriate historical parallel to the current dangerous situation is the two Balkan wars of

Mr. Vassilev is a former senior diplomat at the Bulgarian Mission to the United Nations. He is currently a consultant to the Jamestown Foundation, a foreign-policy research institute in Washington, D.C.

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1912–13 which historians have described as a dress-rehearsal and a prelude to World War I. In the First Balkan War, Greece, Serbia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria captured the Balkan possessions of the Ottoman Empire. But when Serbia refused to give up parts of Macedonia assigned by the peace treaty to Bulgaria, the Second Balkan War broke out among the ex-allies. Rumania also joined the fighting, and so did the Turks, defeated the first time around. Serbia and Greece occupied and partitioned most of Macedonia, whose predominantly Slavic population is closely related by ties of blood, language, and culture to neighboring Bulgarians. Later, after the end of World War II, the entire non-Greek population of the part of Macedonia seized by Greece was forcibly evicted—a precursor of the infamous "ethnic cleansing" practiced by the Serbs.

Now the bitter conflict in what was formerly Yugoslavia threatens to escalate into a Third Balkan War. And if history repeats itself, as it sometimes does, Macedonia may once again be the apple of contention.

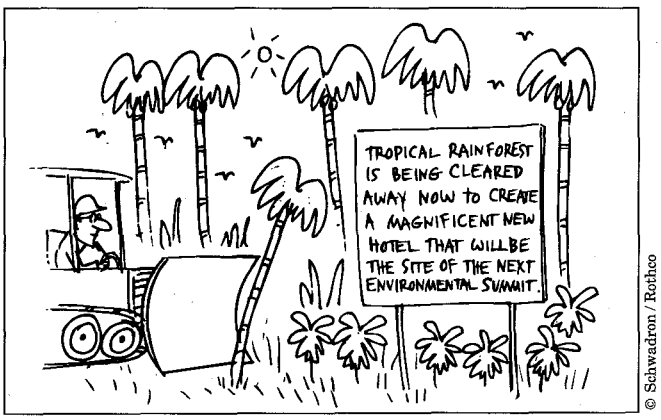
Although Macedonia declared its independence back in 1991, the Belgrade government has yet to withdraw the Yugoslav Army from the republic, nor has it agreed to recognize the existing boundaries, claiming that to do so would strand over 400,000 Serbs (in fact, a recent census shows that fewer than 40,000 ethnic Serbs live on Macedonian territory).

Given the now familiar scenario of predatory Serbian claims backed by the massive use of force, the Macedonian government fears that once Milosevic is done carving up Bosnia–Herzegovina, Macedonia will be next.

However, a Serbian assault on Macedonia could draw Bulgaria into the fray. Apart from Turkey, Bulgaria is the only country in the world that has recognized Macedonia's independence, and the Bulgarian president has publicly warned that Sofia would not stand idly by if Macedonia is attacked. Last year it was disclosed that Bulgaria had secretly negotiated to supply weapons to Macedonia in violation of the UN arms embargo on all former Yugoslav republics.

Since Macedonia is also home to a large and militant Albanian minority, Serb violence there could spill over into neighboring Kosovo, a Serbian province which is 90 per cent ethnic Albanian and largely Muslim. An anti-Albanian ethnic-cleansing campaign, which Serb extremists have already started in the province, could then turn into genocide. Or violence could first erupt in volatile Kosovo, where there have been sporadic attacks by Albanian guerrillas against Serbian targets, and then spread to Macedonia. In either case, that could provoke a military response from Albania and its ally Turkey.

Turkey, which has been the most vocal critic of Serbian actions in the Bosnian conflict, signed a military and economic treaty with Albania last June. Under the treaty, the Turkish government has provided military uniforms for the Albanian armed forces, and Albanian officers have been sent to study at the military academy in Ankara. However, the Albanian government reportedly turned down a Turkish request to station two tank divisions on Albanian territory next to the border with Bosnia–Herzegovnia, obviously out of fear of Serb and Greek retaliation. Turkey has also mended fences with Bulgaria, once an enemy, as evidenced by the close contacts between their military establishments. Both Ankara and Sofia have, however, denied a report that the Turks asked the Bulgarians late last year to provide a land and air corridor for Turkish troops to cross Bulgaria if outside military help was requested by the Bosnian government.


TROPICAL RAINFOREST IS BEING CLEARED AWAY NOW TO CREATE A MAGNIFICENT NEW HOTEL THAT WILL BE THE SITE OF THE NEXT ENVIRONMENTAL SUMMIT.
© Schwadron / Rothco

Already facing a hostile Hungary in the north, which is resentful of the mistreatment of ethnic Hungarians in Serb-held parts of Croatia and in the Serbian province of Voivodina, Belgrade has become sufficiently worried by the prospect of an anti-Serbian coalition involving Albania, Turkey, and Bulgaria, that last summer then–Yugoslav Federal Premier Milan Panic traveled to Athens to seek closer ties with Greece. He also tried to cultivate better relations with Rumania, whose government, in an attempt to distract public attention from mounting economic problems at home, has voiced veiled territorial claims against Bulgaria.

As expected, Panic received a sympathetic hearing from the Greek government, which is deeply apprehensive not only of the reopening of the Macedonian question, but also of the diplomatic advances of its archenemy, Turkey. Athens has used the name of the Republic of Macedonia as a flimsy pretext (the northernmost province of Greece is also called Macedonia) to denounce the Macedonian declaration of independence and to work successfully against its recognition by the European Community and the United States. When the Bulgarian foreign minister blasted this effort as having "destabilized" the Balkans, the once-cordial relations between Bulgaria and Greece soured.

Given these ominous diplomatic moves and counter-moves, the dangers of continued American inactivity obviously outweigh the risks of possible military intervention. If the neo-Communists in Belgrade are allowed to attack and dismember their non-Serb neighbors, East European confidence in Washington's global leadership could disappear overnight. Moreover, U.S. acquiescence in a Serb victory would greatly embolden the ousted Communist elites of Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union, whose hopes for a political comeback have been revived by the severe economic downturn in the entire region, as well as by recent political reversals in Lithuania and Bulgaria.

NATO—already seen by many of its members as an anachronism and a relic of the Cold War—could become another casualty of a Balkan war pitting Greece against Turkey. Such a war would certainly spread to the contested Aegean Sea region and the divided island of Cyprus. However, outside powers could also be drawn in. Germany, Italy, and Austria would, no doubt, support the anti-Serb coalition.

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So would most Muslim countries. During the visit of the president of Bosnia–Herzegovina to Teheran last fall, his Iranian counterpart darkly warned of a *jihad* against Serbia if the Serb slaughter of Bosnian Muslims does not stop. It would hardly be in the interests of the West if the Bosnian conflict should escalate into a holy war between Muslims and Christians.

On the other hand, China and the few other surviving Communist states would predictably rally to Belgrade's side. Given its historical links to the region and especially to Belgrade, Russia could find it equally hard to remain neutral. Serbia's war against Bosnian Muslims and Croatian Catholics has strong appeal for Russian hard-line Communists and ultra-nationalists. Obviously as a result of this, Yeltsin's foreign minister has attempted, repeatedly though so far unsuccessfully, to have the UN economic embargo against Serbia and Montenegro lifted at least for the winter; while the Russian UN ambassador, a Communist-era holdover, has shrilly demanded economic and other UN sanctions to punish Croatia for aspiring to restore sovereignty over a sliver of its Serb-occupied territory. However, it is unclear whether Milosevic could hope to receive from his Russian and Chinese backers anything more than limited diplomatic and economic support.

What Could We Do?

WITH THE non-Serb population of Bosnia–Herzegovina being decimated by winter cold, starvation, mass executions, and daily Serbian shelling, the least the United States should be doing is ship critically needed weapons to the beleaguered Bosnian government. And if, as Mr. Vance and Lord Owen have warned, Serbian forces retaliate by blocking humanitarian supplies to the republic, protective air cover provided by U.S. aircraft from carriers based in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean would be the next step. Washington also needs to recognize Macedonia, in spite of Greek protests. But, above all, the Clinton Administration must act quickly and decisively to thwart the Hitler-like designs of Milosevic, who is said to be determined to blow up the entire Balkans and even Europe if he does not get his way.

It is this mentality in Belgrade that makes the Bosnian government so skeptical about the Vance–Owen plan. And so should be the U.S. State Department. We have already seen how the Serbs have been manipulating the UN-arranged ceasefire to consolidate their territorial conquests in Croatia. The peace plan may be equally unenforceable. And if it is rejected by the warring parties, or if it fails to bring about the end of hostilities, the United States must be ready to consider other available options.

Serb militants have repeatedly warned that Washington could face a defeat worse than Vietnam, should U.S. forces become involved in the Bosnian fighting. High-ranking Pentagon officials echo Belgrade's bluff and bluster by raising the specter of a "Vietnam-like quagmire." The top brass, particularly General Colin Powell, insist that more than 100,000 U.S. ground troops would be needed just to separate the warring sides in Bosnia–Herzegovina. The advantage of the Vance–Owen peace plan is that, if successfully implemented, it would avoid the pitfalls of American military intervention.

Nevertheless, any parallels with the debacle in Vietnam are completely groundless. Not only can Serbia not rely on anything remotely like the massive military and economic support which the Soviet bloc and China provided to Hanoi, but its underdeveloped economy, further weakened by the sanctions, is in shambles, while its war-weary population and squabbling politicians are deeply divided over Milosevic's barbaric little war and the international condemnation it has brought upon their country.

But if all peace-making efforts fail, a devastating air campaign similar to Desert Storm would no doubt break the back of the Serb military in a matter of weeks, if not days. Carried out from air bases in Europe, such an operation would be—logistically speaking, at least—far less challenging for the U.S. military than the Persian Gulf War. Given the difficulty of the Bosnian terrain, an air war would be a far preferable alternative to injecting U.S. ground forces into the area. And the rout of the Serbs, which U.S. war planes would start from the air, could be easily finished by the Bosnians and Croats on the ground. This fact, of which the paranoid Milosevic regime, surrounded as it is by enemies on nearly all sides, is not unaware, gives Washington a leverage which it should not fail to exploit diplomatically in order to correct Jim Baker's disastrous blunder.

And, finally, it must be emphasized that the proper historical parallel against which to evaluate the advisability of a more assertive U.S. stance is not the Vietnam conflict, but an earlier war provoked by similar madness and similarly sickening atrocities, namely, the war against Hitler's Germany. Unlike any peaceful solution along the lines of the Vance–Owen peace plan, war is a rather painful remedy, but a remedy that may have to be considered nonetheless, if the patient is to survive. □

Without a Roof

WHO GOES HOMELESS?

Of the many reasons people go homeless, one is easily curable—if the politicians dared.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

HOW COME there are so many homeless people in American cities? By now the literature has established that at least a third of them are drug-addicted or mentally disturbed and would not stay in a dwelling even if it were available to them. Still, many other homeless people simply cannot afford the rent at which apartments are available.

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This seems strange. If you need a new jacket you usually can buy it. If you can't spend five hundred dollars, you can find one for fifty. If that is too much, you can go to a thrift shop and get a used one for ten dollars or less. How come? The market for old and new jackets is not regulated by the government.

Or consider cars. If you cannot afford a new one, used ones are available in many price ranges. A very cheap used car may not have air conditioning, a radio, or power windows; the upholstery may be torn, the roof may leak, the windows may be broken and the paint peeling. But if it runs and carries you where you want to go, it is better than no transportation.

Here is the difference. While the government lets you buy an old jalopy, provided it's not dangerous, government regulators will prevent you from moving into an apartment unless it has heating, hot and cold water, electricity, etc. Landlords are not allowed to rent old apartments without such facilities, let alone build new ones. Sure, life without these conveniences is hard. But wouldn't you prefer an apartment without hot water to sleeping on the street? You would; but the government would not. Unless the apartment has the minimal conveniences the regulations require, you are not allowed to move in and the landlord is not allowed to rent it to you.

In the past, people who were down on their luck could spend the night in a flophouse, so called because it consisted simply of a big enclosure. No bedding; heat and water in some cases, but not in all. You just flopped down, protected from the elements. The price was very low. Not a comfortable overnight stay. Yet, wasn't it better than sleeping on the street, which not only lacks the same amenities but also may be wet, cold, windswept, dangerous, and without even a communal bathroom? A locker was usually provided in these flophouses, as were some other facilities, however minimal. They were privately owned and profit-making. The owners competed with one another to offer the most for the money, attract customers, and increase profits. Not least, private owners could get rid of disruptive custom-

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

"This one's very popular with vulgar people like yourself."

ers. Public shelters cannot, or at least do not. They are very expensive for taxpayers, yet yield so little benefit to users that many homeless people prefer the street even in winter.

More amenities, above all privacy, were provided by cage hotels. These consisted of large rooms divided into cubicles by means of partial walls, and offered common washing facilities. Those who could afford a little more still relied on rooming houses, which were comparatively luxurious, or on boarding houses, which offered room and board cheaply. The latter two kinds of facilities often made use of old buildings, subdividing what had been spacious apartments.

All or Nothing

ALL OF THESE places have disappeared, not because they were no longer needed or had become unprofitable, but because the government made them unprofitable, when it did not actually demolish them, or prohibit them from offering shelter. Politicians, bureaucrats, and bleeding hearts waxed indignant about the deprivations people suffered in cheap lodgings which lacked minimal amenities. Their solution? Get rid of these cheap lodgings. The former customers, unable to afford more expensive lodging, now have to sleep on the street. In effect the government has decided that it is better for people to have no roof over their head than to live in places that do not have hot water. Yes indeed, the best can be the enemy of the better.

Common sense suggests that it is better to have transportation in a run-down jalopy, when that is all you can afford, than to have no transportation. Better to buy a second-hand jacket than to have none. And better to have some shelter, however bare, than to sleep on the street. But common sense ends where the government begins.

Nobody would be permitted to build a flophouse or an SRO, or even to modify an existing building for such use—unless the facilities required by the government were installed. Which would drive the costs beyond the means of the prospective customers. In many cases the buildings are there, but cannot be utilized because they do not come up to government standards. Sure, the street doesn't either, but the government adamantly refuses to recognize that the street is the actual alternative. So do the many advocates for the homeless.

Whether automobiles or clothing, whatever in the normal course of events no longer satisfies the rich is utilized by the poor. They are and feel better off with second-hand things than they would without. Although there is increasingly a tendency for the government to get in the way, most second-hand markets are comparatively free and therefore efficient.

Not so with housing. As Peter D. Salins and Jerard C. S. Mildner make clear in *Scarcity by Design* (Harvard, 1992), a landlord who tries to rent "substandard" apartments, at however low a price, will be haled into court. The looming fines, rent strikes, prosecutions, and civil suits make any such attempts unrewarding. On the other hand, a landlord who tries to charge what it actually costs him to maintain apartments in conformity with various ordinances will be prosecuted for exceeding rent ceilings. One need not be an economist to figure out that landlords will not rent, let alone build, apartments for which they cannot charge enough to cover the costs of the required amenities. Which means that apartments cheap enough for the poor to afford will not be built. So the homeless will have to continue sleeping on the street. Politicians and bleeding hearts will continue to deplore their fate. Money will be collected for them. The Civil Liberties Union will try to secure their right to sleep in subways and terminals. But no politician will lift a finger to get rid of the regulations that make the homeless homeless. □

Mr. van den Haag is a Distinguished Scholar at the Heritage Foundation.

I acknowledge with gratitude my debt to Professor Randall K. Filer's "Opening the Door to Low Cost Housing" (*The City Journal*, Summer 1992, Manhattan Institute, New York). My historical data are entirely due to his diligence.

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Unofficial History

56 B.C. AND ALL THAT

RICHARD LEDERER

It is truly astounding what havoc students can wreak upon the chronicles of the human race. I have pasted together the following history of the world from genuine student bloopers collected by teachers throughout the United States, from eighth grade through college level. Read carefully, and you will learn a lot. —*RL*

ANCIENT Egypt was inhabited by mummies, and they all wrote in hydraulics. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and traveled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the dessert are cultivated by irritation. Early Egyptian women often wore a garment called a calasiris. It was a sheer dress which started beneath the breasts which hung to the floor.

The pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain. The Egyptians built the pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube.

The Bible is full of interesting caricatures. In the first book of the Bible, Guinessis, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, asked, "Am I my brother's son?"

God asked Abraham to sacrifice Isaac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birthmark. Jacob was a patriarch who brought up his 12 sons to be patriarchs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Moses led the Hebrew slaves to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. He died before he ever reached Canada.

David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Finkelsteins, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's sons, had three hundred wives and seven hundred porcupines.

Later came Job, who had one trouble after another. Eventually, he lost all his cattle and all his children and had to go live alone with his wife in the desert.

The Greeks were a highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn't have history. The Greeks also had myths. A myth is a female moth.

One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the River Stynx until he became intollerable. Achilles appears in *The Iliad*, by Homer. Homer also wrote *The Oddity*, in which Penelope was the last hardship that Ulysses endured on his journey. Actually, Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock. After his death, his career suffered a dramatic decline.

In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits, and threw the java. The reward to the victor was a coral wreath.

Eventually, the Romans conquered the Greeks. History calls people Romans because they never stayed in one place for very long.

Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March murdered him because they thought he was going to be made king. Dying, he gasped out: "Tee hee, Brutus." Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

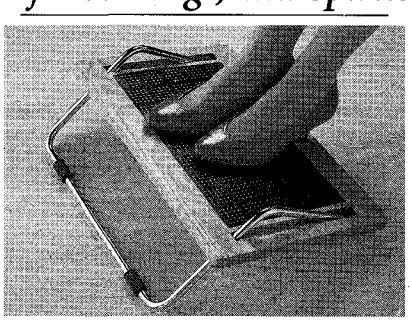
Rome came to have too many luxuries and baths. At Roman banquets, the guests wore garlics in their hair. They took two baths in two days, and that's the cause of the fall of Rome. Rome was invaded by ballbearings, and is full of fallen arches today.

Then came the Middle Ages, when everyone was middle aged. King Alfred conquered the Dames. King Arthur lived in the Age of Shivery with brave knights on prancing horses and beautiful women. King Harold mustarded his troops before the Battle of Hastings. Joan of Arc was burnt to a steak and was cannonized by Bernard Shaw. And victims of the bluebonnet plague grew boobs on their necks. Finally, Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

In midevil times most people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the futile ages was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verses and also wrote literature. During this time, people put on morality plays about ghosts, goblins, virgins, and other

Mr. Lederer, who teaches English at St. Paul's School, is the author of Anguished English *(Wyrick, Dell), from which this piece is excerpted.* More Anguished English *(Dell) will appear this year. Mr. Lederer requests any readers who have bloopers that might merit inclusion to send them to him at 5 Merrimack Street, Concord, N.H. 03301.*

Lift Your Legs, and Spirits



When I received our first footrest it kept disappearing from under my desk. Everybody was fighting for it. Once you try it, you'll see how it makes your legs feel weightless. It instantly takes pressure off the undersides of your legs and lower back. It rocks, too, helping your circulation even more. It's amazing how much this small device can improve your outlook. Made of solid ash, inlaid with fine rubber tile.

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mythical creatures. Another story was about William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The Renaissance was an age in which more individuals felt the value of their human being. Martin Luther was nailed to the church door at Wittenberg for selling papal indulgences. He died a horrible death, being excommunicated by a bull. It was the painter Donatello's interest in the female nude that made him the father of the Renaissance.

The government of England was a limited mockery. From the womb of Henry VIII Protestantism was born. He found walking difficult because he had an abbess on his knee.

Queen Elizabeth was the "Virgin Queen." As a queen she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted "hurrah." Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo.

It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented removeable type and the Bible. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes and started smoking. And Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100-foot clipper.

THE greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespeare. Shakespeare was born in the year 1564, supposedly on his birthday. He never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He wrote tragedies, comedies, and hysterectomies, all in Islamic pentameter.

In one of Shakespeare's famous plays, Hamlet rations out his situation by relieving himself in a long soliloquy. His mind is filled with the filth of incestuous sheets which he pours over everytime he sees his mother. In another play, Lady Macbeth tries to convince Macbeth to kill the King by attacking his manhood. The clown in *As You Like It* is named Touchdown, and Romeo and Juliet are an example of a heroic couplet. Romeo's last wish was to be laid by Juliet.

Writing at the same time as Shakespeare was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote *Donkey Hote*. The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*. Then his wife died and he wrote *Paradise Regained*.

During the Renaissance America began. Christopher Columbus was a great navigator who discovered America while cursing about the Atlantic. His ships were called the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Fe.

Later, the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was called Pilgrim's Progress. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

One of the causes of the Revolutionary War was the English put tacks in their tea. Also, the colonists would send their parcels through the post without stamps. During the War, the Red Coats and Paul Revere was throwing balls over stone walls. The dogs were barking and the peacocks crowing. Finally, the colonists won the War and no longer had to pay for taxis.

Delegates from the original 13 states formed the Contented Congress. Thomas Jefferson, a Virgin, and Benjamin Franklin were two singers of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin invented electricity by rubbing two cats backwards and declared, "A horse divided against itself cannot stand." Franklin died in 1790 and is still dead.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the Father of Our Country. His farewell address was Mount Vernon.

Soon the Constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility. Under the Constitution the people enjoyed the right to keep bare arms.

Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest Precedent. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. Lincoln said, "In onion there is strength."

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while traveling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope. He also freed the slaves by signing the Emasculation Proclamation.

On the night of April 14, 1865, Lincoln went to the theater and got shot in his seat by one of the actors in a moving picture show. The believed assinator was John Wilkes Booth, a supposingly insane actor. This ruined Booth's career.

Meanwhile in Europe, the enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltaire invented electricity and also wrote a book called *Candy*. Gravity was invented by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

Johann Bach wrote a great many musical compositions and had a large number of children. In between, he practiced on an old spinster which he kept up in his attic. Bach died from 1750 to the present.

Bach was the most famous composer in the world, and so was Handel. Handel was half German, half Italian, and half English. He was very large.

Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling for him. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died for this.

France was in a very serious state. The French Revolution was accomplished before it happened and catapulted into Napoleon. During the Napoleonic Wars, the crowned heads of Europe were trembling in their shoes. Then the Spanish gorillas came down from the hills and nipped at Napoleon's flanks. Napoleon wanted an heir to inherit his power, but since Josephine was a baroness, she couldn't have any children.

THE SUN never set on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West. Queen Victoria was the longest queen. She sat on a thorn for 63 years. She was a moral woman who practiced virtue. Her death was the final event which ended her reign.

The nineteenth century was a time of a great many thoughts and inventions. People stopped reproducing by hand and started reproducing by machine. The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up. Cyrus McCormick invented the McCormick raper, which did the work of a hundred men. Louis Pasteur discovered a cure for rabbis. Charles Darwin was a naturalist who wrote the *Organ of the Species*. Madman Curie discovered radio. And Karl Marx became one of the Marx brothers.

The First World War, caused by the assignation of the Arch-Duck by an anahist, ushered in a new error in the anals of human history. □

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Another feature: we periodically reprint the best of *our* own stuff as well; for instance, we recently re-ran a fine article by the late great Malcolm Muggeridge (for many years our Editor-at-Large) on "Medical Progress and the Soul," which first ran back in 1985, but it's even *more* timely today—the prophetic "St. Mugg" foresaw the rush to provide "spare" human body parts! (Future issues will carry other classic Muggeridge pieces too.)

The current issue contains 14 hard-hitting pieces, including William Murchison on the coming "Guerilla War" over abortion, Nat Hentoff on "Pro-Choice Bigots," Joseph Sobran on "Victims *à la Mode*," Maria McFadden on "Katha Pollitt Strikes Out," Robert Byrn on "The Perversion of Privacy." Plus Faith Abbott's fascinating analysis of the recent symposium in *Harper's* magazine on the question: "She's come for an abortion. What do you say?" Answers came from well-known writers like Susan Faludi and William F. Buckley Jr. (Abbott explains it all in "Hark! The *Harper's* Angles Zing").

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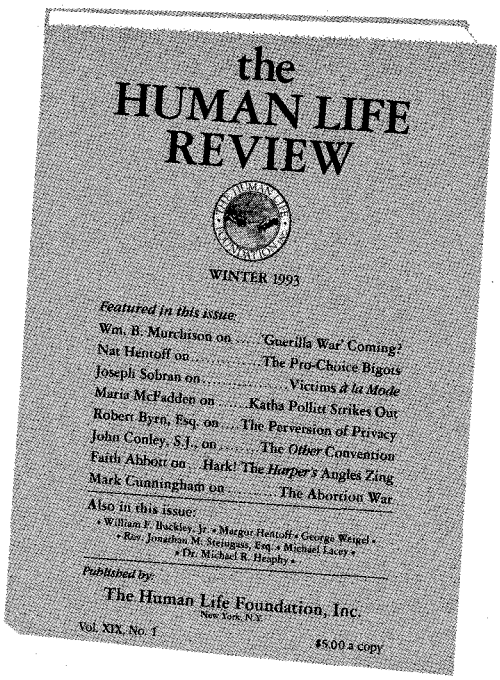
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Thank Goddess!

PAULA FREDRIKSEN

GOD THE FATHER, the Lord Jesus Christ—these masculine images for the divine have dominated traditional Western religions as men (rabbis, priests, bishops, preachers) have controlled their hierarchies. Does correlation imply cause? Would women's religious experience be different if God were "feminized"? Was it different, when ancient societies worshipped female as well as male gods?

In *Her Share of the Blessings*, Ross Kraemer grapples with these questions as an historian of religions. Concentrating on Mediterranean societies from the late classical period to the end of the Roman Empire in the West (roughly 400 B.C. to 400 A.D.), she sets herself two tasks: accurate description and explanatory analysis. The descriptive project is well realized. Professor Kraemer surveys the ancient evidence—literary, epigraphical, archaeological—and wrings from it some lively reconstructions of cultic activity, progressing chronologically from Greek festivals, to Roman urban observances, through Jewish practices (within Israel and without), to, finally, the varieties of Christian ones. (My favorite was the Eleusian *haloa*, a mid-winter female festival behind closed doors involving dirty jokes, raucous laughter, shouted obscenities, and genitalia-shaped pastries. The men sat outside, getting some of the pastries and none, one assumes, of the jokes.)

The Myth of the Goddess: Evolution of an Image, by Anne Baring and Jules Cashford (Viking, 779 pp., $40)

In the Wake of the Goddesses: Women, Culture, and the Biblical Transformation of Pagan Myth, by Tikva Frymer-Kensky (Free Press, 292 pp., $24.95)

Her Share of the Blessings: Women's Religions among Pagans, Jews, and Christians in the Greco-Roman World, by Ross Shepard Kraemer (Oxford, 275 pp., $24.95)

Professor Kraemer's speculations on what women might have felt or experienced while enacting these rites are models of historical caution. She frequently, and rightly, asserts that we just cannot know. She asks whether the religious experience of men can be securely known to be qualitatively different from that of women; alert to the perils of anachronism, she cautions against pressing ancient data into the service of modern political agenda. The data scarcely oblige even the relatively modest, and logically prior, efforts at description: again and again, Professor Kraemer points out where the evidence lets us down.

Women in pagan cults served as priestess and patron as well as devotee. Jewish women of the Hellenistic and Roman period likewise filled various roles. They could not be priests in the Temple at Jerusalem—but then, neither could most Jewish men: the job was hereditary within particular priestly families, and candidates had to meet physical qualifications as well. And while all Jews might be and doubtless were ritually impure much of the time (a condition caused, for example, by contact with a corpse, seminal emission, or childbirth), women had in addition the regular impurity imparted by menstruation. Temple service was thus out of the question. Synagogues, however, were not subject to the purity strictures of the Temple. Women evidently served as patrons and perhaps even officers of these institutions. And in the Therapeutic community outside Alexandria, Jewish virgins of philosophical disposition could participate on a level with the men of the community in a curiously monastic, extremely intellectual society.

Women both Jewish and Gentile were drawn into the new Christian communities. Jesus-as-feminist does not survive Professor Kraemer's historical scrutiny; and the triumphant orthodox Church was finally much more misogynist than either of its cultural forebears. But until the victory of orthodoxy—that is, until Constantine's patronage forever changed the political climate of faith—the new religion had some three centuries of gloriously confusing variety. Christian women in "heterodox" communities may or may not have been apostles, priests, and bishops: the evidence, again, teases us here. Heroic virgins, charismatic martyrs, and energetic women preachers people this period. Professor Kraemer asks, of course, why.

This brings us to her second task: explanatory analysis. She draws on the work of anthropologist Mary Douglas, particularly the latter's analysis of social organization in terms of *group* and *grid*. Group, the horizontal axis of Professor Douglas's scheme, indicates social incorporation (strong group: the military; weak group: hermits); grid, the vertical axis, indicates degree of individual autonomy (high grid: low autonomy; low grid: high autonomy). Various types of societies are then plotted on these axes. Professor Kraemer lays out this scheme in her introduction, and endorses it as "extraordinarily useful for explaining the correlations between individual social experience and beliefs individuals hold about all sorts of things." This model, in other words, is what permits her both to speculate on the beliefs of the ancient women she studies and to account for their social behavior: if she can plausibly plot her subjects' grid/group, the method can fill in where the data runs out.

This grid/group analysis runs like a bass clef throughout Professor Kraemer's book. She concludes each chapter by restating her historical descriptions in Douglasian social-anthropologese. The jargon obtrudes, but the goal—explanation—is laudable. To the question, Why did later Christianity not remain true to its egalitarian ori-

Miss Fredriksen teaches religion at Boston University.

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gins? she answers, "Such egalitarianism was fundamentally antithetical to the social structure and cosmology of any high grid society [e.g., late Roman society], and that, it seems to me, is as sufficient and persuasive as any answer."

IF SOCIAL SCIENCE provides the particular accent to Ross Kraemer's history, contemporary theological concerns shape that of Tikva Frymer-Kensky, author of *In the Wake of the Goddesses*. She asks what religious and social difference female deities make. A specialist in Assyria and Sumer (two ancient Mesopotamian cultures, both antecedent to Biblical Israel), she traces the religious trajectory from the pantheon of Sumerian divinities c. 2500 B.C. through Biblical monotheism through rabbinic religion, with concluding observations on Hellenistic culture, Christianity, and "us," the twentieth-century heirs to these things. She closes with a call to fill in the gaps in "the Bible's religious fabric," by which she means gaps she sees in the Bible's views on sexuality.

One may demur from this theological task while still admiring the several roundhouse punches Professor Frymer-Kensky delivers to sentimental goddess-ism, the belief that goddess worship bespeaks an earlier golden age when women were on top and society consequently kind. *The* Goddess? "There were many goddesses; they were not enshrined in a religion of women, but in the official religion of male-dominated societies; they were not evidence of ancient mother-worship, but served as an integral part of a religious system that mirrored and provided the sacred underpinnings of patriarchy." We meet the whole lot in Part I of her study: mother gods, divine domestics, sexual wildwomen, female warriors. Fertility, civilization, agriculture, childbirth, war—these goddesses oversaw it all, and were praised and worshipped by men and women alike (Profesor Frymer-Kensky provides some remarkable hymns in this section), until they slipped into religious decline by the end of the second millennium.

For all its continuities with the religious and legal traditions of the ancient Near East, the author argues, Israel's vision of One God marked a spiritual revolution. She calls this the "monotheist leap," and characterizes Israel's God in thought-provoking contrast to local polytheisms. This God absorbed and, in so doing, altered the traditional functions of female gods: human fertility became not a power he enhanced, but a gift granted. "Socially" male (King, Master) but sexually neutral, he never behaved in sexual ways (unlike, for example, the Sumerian god Enlil, who rapes his consort). As the image of God changed, so too did humanity's: it became God's marriage-partner (specifically in the figure of Israel), the recipient of revealed social, hence ethical, codes. God's primary relationship is not, as in other systems, with the forces of nature, but with humankind, which is called to behave accordingly. In its

Marco Maestrelli

emphasis on humanity's moral responsibility, radical monotheism, Professor Frymer-Kensky nicely observes, is most like secular humanism.

How do women figure in this picture? "There is no real 'woman question' in the Bible," she asserts. It presents both genders essentially alike, with the same moral goals and expectations. (I cannot agree with her here.) The Biblical concept of humanity, as Professor Frymer-Kensky sees it, is thus gender-free, correlating to monotheism's gender-free vision of God.

But monotheism had the vices of its virtues. In de-sexualizing God, it "desacralized" sex; in emphasizing ethics, it spoke of sex in the language of law, bonding sexuality to family and social order. I do not know whether this is true or, if true, regrettable, but Professor Frymer-Kensky is convinced that erotic sexuality was the major casualty of the monotheist revolution. This "gap" in Biblical religion (goddesses served to "conceptualize" the erotic impulse in a way that God could not) left it vulnerable to the Greek disease: "antiwoman, anticarnal ways that have long influenced the Western religious tradition."

Hellenism, in brief, is the snake in the Biblical garden. It influenced the rabbis, prompting their "sexual phobia and outright misogyny." Rabbinic Judaism partly recovered, affirming that marriage was good; Christianity, alas, more Greek than Judaism, and more Greek than Jewish, was and remains more patriarchal as well. By this point in her essay, generalizing with vertiginous ease, Professor Frymer-Kensky, I confess, lost me; and in my inability to imagine what "re-sacralized sex" would be, I lost her.

What remains is her extremely informed historical construction of Sumerian society and religion, together with her swingeing critique of vaguely feminist myth-mongering about The Goddess. And into these critical cross-hairs, like a literary *Lusitania*, sails Anne Baring and Jules Cashford's 780-page oeuvre, *The Myth of the Goddess*.

BOTH AUTHORS are Jungian analysts. This means that their survey of goddess-images, from Paleolithic Europe (that's c. 50,000 B.C.) to contemporary culture (they close on Cinderella), serves to provide particular instances of a universal, eternal, cross-cultural archetype, *the* Goddess, also known as "the feminine principle." This principle—"an aspect," the authors assert, "of human consciousness"—manifests itself in culture whenever people value "spontaneity, feeling, instinct, and intuition . . . [and] the sanctity and unity of life." The Goddess, however, has been on the ropes both culturally and mythologically ever since belligerent hordes of sky-god-worshipping warriors rode out of the East c. 4500 B.C., imposing mayhem, patriarchy, and social stratification on the "agricultural and sedentary, egalitarian and peaceful" culture of Old Europe. Around 2500 B.C., human consciousness took a further downturn in Sumeria, when "a new attitude" suddenly had people looking at death as if it were the end and opposite of life. No more intuitive vision of the Whole. And so on,

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through hundreds of pages and four millennia. The Judaeo-Christian tradition is Bad, though Jesus was Good. Paul was Bad. The Gnostics were Good. Augustine was Very Very Bad. Et cetera.

All is not lost, however. Modern Science itself, as evinced in the work of both Heisenberg and Einstein, issues a renewed call to Goddess-consciousness. How so? It summons humans to think of subatomic particles in relation to one another, as part of a larger unity. We need to think in new—which is to say, old—ways. Einstein himself ("astonishingly," they say. Indeed) is "the spokesman for this need."

To say I found all this profoundly unpersuasive is simply to say that I am not, myself, Jungian. I did admire the authors' energy, their choice of photographs (the book is richly illustrated), and their romantic imagination when surveying the lost Atlantis of human egalitarian societies, such as Crete and Old Europe. (I encourage readers who like this sort of thing, but want a stronger plot line and fewer pages, to pick up H. Rider Haggard's *She,* where "Kûr" functions similarly.) They evangelize, holding out the promise of redemption (peace on earth, more pleasant interpersonal relations, a saved environment). *The Myth of the Goddess*, in these ways, does no harm.

I wish I could close on this note, but I cannot. The book's pseudo-scholarship nags at me. I cannot claim to be expert in the twenty-plus millennia they review; but for the slice of time I do know, the first five centuries of the Common Era, their sources, interpretations, and arguments simply appalled me. The synagogue mural at Dura does *not* show baby Moses in the arms of a naked goddess, but of Pharaoh's daughter's servant (she had to swim to reach him and so, sensibly, removed her clothes). A body–mind dichotomy does *not* characterize Deuteronomy. "Original Sin" is a doctrinal formulation of patristic (and especially Latin) Christianity; it is not the theme *tout court* of Genesis 1–3. Little wonder, then, that Jesus did not refer to Original Sin: he lived several centuries shy of its formulation.

Paul did *not* write the Epistle to the Ephesians. Augustine did *not* say that women have no souls. We do not know whether Mediterranean synagogues had separate seating for men and women. Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome did *not* hold that women, sex, and the womb are evil: if they had, they would have been Manichees, their Christian opposition. Augustine did *not* write "Late have I loved Thee, Beauty so ancient and so new" late in his life, when it might have (according to the authors) "redeem[ed] his conviction of his own and humanity's sinfulness." These words appear in Book X of the *Confessions*, written c. 398 C.E., when he was a vigorous 43-year-old, still some twenty years away from his formulation of the doctrine of Original Sin for which the authors castigate him in the preceding 15 pages.

Six thousand rabbinic Jews did *not* live in early first-century Palestine: the authors confuse Josephus's statement about Pharisees with later rabbis. The Sanhedrin did *not* persecute the Jewish church in Jerusalem in 62 A.D. Ananus the High Priest executed James the elder and unnamed others, for what reason we do not know, and other (non-Christian) Jews protested to the Roman government and had Ananus removed. Jesus was *not* deeply learned in the rabbinic tradition for the same reason that he never spoke of Original Sin. His preaching *metanoia* (the word in the Greek Gospels, though Jesus himself, some forty to sixty years earlier, would have spoken Aramaic) was *not* a call to "face the inner world of the soul," but a call to repentance, in the Jewish prophetic mode.

Joseph Campbell, James Fraser, Carl Gustav Jung, and Mircea Eliade are not authorities on the inner life of Paleo- and Neolithic people, and cannot be cited as such. Chief Seattle, in 1855, never made the remarks attributed to him at the beginning and end of this book: an American screenwriter did, c. 1971 (see the *New York Times*, April 21, 1992). As Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis, not the fish) complained: "Aristotle was not Belgian. The central teaching of Buddhism is not 'Every man for himself.' The London Underground is not a political movement. These are mistakes, Otto. I looked them up."

The Myth of the Goddess is a monument to the felt need of some religiously sensitive moderns for whom the traditional gods are dead. I condemn neither their need nor that enterprise. This essay, however—a farrago of well-meaning politics, vaporous observations, and false facts—is bad history. Surely those who would create new gods should attend to the truth. As our own unhappy century is witness, lies spawn the most powerful myths. □

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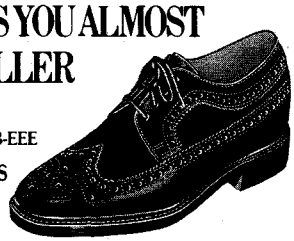

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Judgment Day

MARY ANN GLENDON

WHEN the young Thurgood Marshall was a law student at Howard University in the early 1930s, he often cut classes to watch former Solicitor General John W. Davis argue cases before the Supreme Court. Davis, then a Wall Street lawyer at the peak of his career, was the leading oral advocate of the day. On those occasions, Marshall later recalled, "I'd ask myself, 'Will I ever, ever . . . ?' and every time I had to answer, 'No, never.'" Davis was his *beau idéal* of a lawyer. Two decades later, Thurgood Marshall, at the height of his powers, argued and won the most celebrated Supreme Court case of the twentieth century, *Brown*

Dream Makers, Dream Breakers: The World of Justice Thurgood Marshall, by Carl Rowan (Little, Brown, 475 pp., $24.95)

Miss Glendon is a professor at Harvard Law School and author of Rights Talk *(Free Press).*

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v. *Board of Education*. His adversary: the eighty-year-old John W. Davis. Marshall had been a gracious opponent (forbidding his associates to make snide remarks about Davis) and Davis was noble in defeat (writing a friend that it was good for the country that the Warren Court's decision had been unanimous).

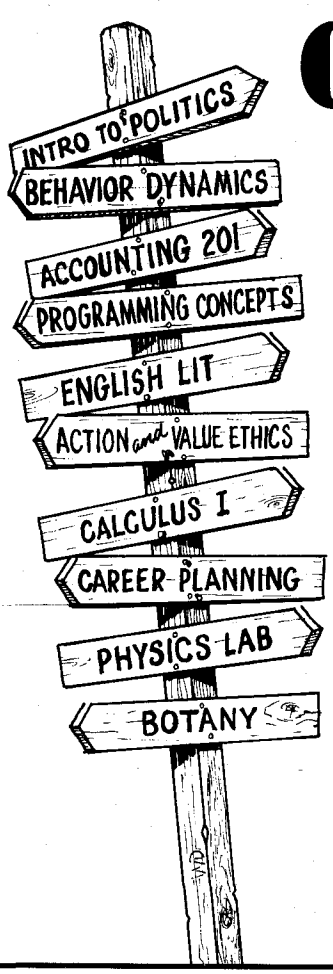
By 1954, when the historic school-desegregation case was decided, Marshall's own place in the pantheon of American lawyers was already assured. He was the architect of the legal assault on segregated housing, public accommodations, and schools, and on all-white Democratic primaries. In later years, he could look back on winning 29 of the 32 cases he argued before the Supreme Court for the NAACP, 14 of the 19 cases he argued as Solicitor General, and 24 years of service as the first black Justice on the nation's highest tribunal.

Carl Rowan's *Dream Makers, Dream Breakers* recounts in rich detail Marshall's rise from unruly youth to civil-rights hero, master legal strategist, judge on the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, Solicitor General of the United States, and Supreme Court Justice. Like a landscape painter who draws the viewer in by placing human figures in the foreground, Rowan melds history with biography, interspersing his account of Marshall's life and work with events in the struggle for racial justice in which Marshall played such a crucial role. The heroes of the narrative, the "dream makers," include, besides Marshall, Charles Hamilton Houston, Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Earl Warren. Among the villains are Orval Faubus, Strom Thurmond, J. Edgar Hoover, George Wallace, Jesse Helms, and "the most ruthless dream breaker," Richard Nixon.

In its biographical aspect, the book is an unabashed appreciation of the author's long-time friend. As history, it is a straightforward account of the decisions, strategies, struggles, and executive, legislative, and judicial actions that shaped American race relations from the time of Marshall's birth in 1908 to his retirement from the Supreme Court in 1991.

Like the outpouring of tributes that appeared after the Justice's retirement and his recent death, Rowan's book emphasizes that part of Marshall's life (1936 to 1961) devoted to civil-rights activism and strategy, passing rather lightly over his more problematic performance as a Supreme Court Justice. It is left for later biographers to explain why a man who was widely regarded as one of the most talented lawyers of his time was held in relatively low professional esteem as a judge.

Rowan seems right to discount law clerks' self-serving criticisms, of the type unearthed by Woodward and Bernstein in their 1979 best-seller, *The Brethren*. Marshall is portrayed there as an indolent and often uncomprehending judge, disdainful of legal technicalities, delegating research and opinion-writing to his clerks, telling them only half in jest, "I'll do whatever Bill [Brennan] does." Rowan's own interviews with Marshall clerks led him to a bottom line not very different from Woodward and Bernstein's—that, though Marshall might



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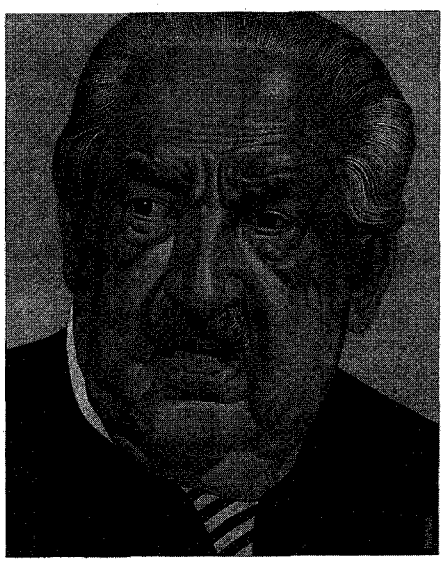
have delegated more than most of his brethren, the sentiments and the results were always Marshall's own. Regrettably, as Judge Richard Posner and others have pointed out, the practice of turning work that is properly judicial over to recent law graduates is widespread in the over-burdened federal court system. Few judges can now say, as Justice Louis Brandeis once did, "The reason they respect Supreme Court Justices so much is that we are the only people in Washington who do our own work."

The reason that even Marshall's most fervent admirers are expansive concerning his merits as a lawyer while confining themselves to bland generalities about his judging resides in the fact that different branches of the legal profession require different sorts of skills and personal qualities. The traits that are conducive to success in trying cases or arguing appeals are significantly different from those that make for excellence in judging. It must have been difficult for Thurgood Marshall, at age 53, after a lifetime of vigorous advocacy, to begin a second career which required him to renounce the role of impassioned pleader for that of impartial arbiter on the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. His transition was interrupted four years later, moreover, when President Johnson appointed him Solicitor General. Marshall was 59 when he took his seat on the United States Supreme Court.

He carried to that position the qualities that had served him and his causes well—his intelligence, his sense of justice, and the penetrating insight of one who had been excluded from privileges the other judges took for granted. He also brought the skills and mind-set of a crusading litigator. Irving Kaufman, Marshall's colleague on the Second Circuit bench, recalls, "My most abiding memory of Thurgood on this court was his ability to infuse his judicial product with the elements of the advocate's craft."

The problem with that blending of roles, though, is that our legal system promises every litigant, rich or poor, black or white, male or female, a judge who (in the words of the judicial oath) will "administer justice without respect to persons" and "impartially discharge" his or her duties "agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States." Thurgood Marshall himself had suffered much at the hands of judges who relentlessly advocated their personal visions of the good society.

Rowan provides a revealing glimpse into Marshall's behind-the-scenes advocacy in his discussion of the Court's controversial 1973 abortion decision. According to Rowan, "Marshall became a special advocate, or 'defense attorney,' inside the Court for poor women, black or white, but especially for minority women, who were likely to know both racial discrimination and poverty." Marshall's contribution to *Roe* v. *Wade* is one "that most American's still don't know about because it took place in that secret Supreme Court world of 'brokering' and gentlemanly power plays." It was Marshall, Rowan recounts, who insisted that the



Roberto Parada

woman's "absolute right" to abortion be protected "way into the second trimester." Remarkably, Rowan maintains that Marshall's collaboration in *Roe* and the abortion cases that followed and expanded on it represents the crowning achievement of his judicial career:

> Most Court watchers never dreamed that Marshall's crowning moments on the Court would involve, not the issue of race, but of any woman's right to make her own decisions as to whether and when she would bring a child into this world. You will not understand Marshall or his world, unless you see how he operated in a political and social milieu that was—and is—poisoned by passions over the abortion rights of women. The Court records indicate that no Justice ever supported a woman's right to choice as uncompromisingly as Marshall did.

Apparently Marshall (and Rowan) were unable to discern a sinister side of the abortion-rights movement: its sibling relationship with the anti-immigration groups who see abortion and border controls as the major defenses against an expanding, threatening, welfare-consuming—and nonwhite—underclass. The full-page ads of these organizations run a few pages apart in trendy magazines, but they are linked financially and ideologically.

In any event, Linda Greenhouse had the order of his distinctions just right in her *New York Times* obituary: Marshall was a "pillar of the civil-rights movement, architect of the legal strategy that ended the era of official segregation, and the first black Justice of the Supreme Court." Rowan seems to agree, writing that "it is not unreasonable to assume that history will regard him primarily as 'Mr. Civil Rights.' "

Rowan portrays Marshall in his last years as angry at the course the Court seemed to be taking. He was bitterly disappointed that *Brown* v. *Board of Education* and the one-man–one-vote cases had done so little to wipe out racial injustice. The fact is, though, that Thurgood Marshall, perhaps more than any other civil-rights leader, was responsible for the remarkable achievement of depriving racial prejudice of any respectability whatsoever in American society. He helped to create a world that John W. Davis's generation of Southerners had been unable to imagine. The very year that Marshall retired, a young writer, Melissa Fay Greene, reflected on these matters in *Praying for Sheetrock*, her moving account of the gradual empowerment of the black community in McIntosh County, Georgia: "Of course, it is not enough, but it is a beginning. The descendants of the Scottish settlers start to view the descendants of the African slaves, not as aliens in their midst, and not as servants, but as neighbors, colleagues, partners, fellow Americans, and increasingly, as leaders."

That same year, too, a black Georgian from Pinpoint took the seat vacated by Thurgood Marshall on the United States Supreme Court. Clarence Thomas's heroes were not great advocates, but great judges such as Learned Hand and Benjamin Nathan Cardozo. For Clarence Thomas, the Constitution is not just a bulwark of

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individual and minority rights, but a remarkable design for representative government; constitutional text, structure, and tradition are not mere legal technicalities, but the very essence of a regime of ordered liberty.

With the wildly varying concepts of fairness that currently compete for ascendancy in our increasingly diverse society, it is more essential today than ever before to select judges who can resist the temptation to promote partisan causes from the bench. We may therefore, if we are hopeful, look forward to the day when Clarence Thomas earns the same degree of honor as a judge that Thurgood Marshall achieved as a lawyer. Just as Marshall learned from and transcended Davis, Thomas may help—in ways that Marshall's generation did not imagine—to make America a better, fairer, place than it was when Marshall left it.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant to imagine those gracious adversaries, Thurgood Marshall and John W. Davis, sipping bourbon together and swapping stories in lawyers' Valhalla. □

The Conservative Mind

FLORENCE KING

IN an age that equates perfectionist standards with an undemocratic turn of mind, Gustave Flaubert would be called a "control freak." A contemporary, Théophile Gautier, did call him one, though he put it wittily:

> There is one thing for which he feels a remorse that poisons his life. It's that in *Madame Bovary* he put two genitives one on top of the other: *une couronne de fleurs d'oranger* [a crown of orange blossoms]. He is very upset over it; but there was nothing he could do, it was impossible to say it any other way.

When feminist Ellen Willis penned her now-notorious dictum, "Good writing is counterrevolutionary," she was stating a simple truth. Political liberalism and literary romanticism travel in a tandem harness of intellectual confusion and emotional excess. Conservatism and classicism are also a matched set, both governed by realism, skepticism, objectivity, order, simplicity, and restraint.

The conservative artistic temperament flowered in Gustave Flaubert, whose opinions on literature and politics were virtually interchangeable. The back-to-back flavor of "One must write coldly" and "Democracy is the exaltation of mercy at the expense of justice" lets both apply equally to voter alienation or the difference between Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and Oprah Winfrey's "Women with Boring Husbands."

Flaubert expressed a hatred of mediocrity so early in life that he must

***Flaubert*, by Henri Troyat, translated by Joan Pinkham (Viking, 374 pp., $25)**

Miss King's latest book is With Charity Toward None *(St. Martin's Press).*

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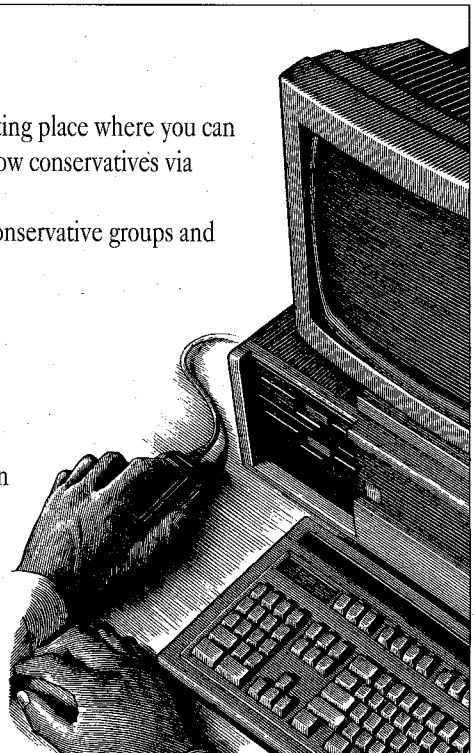

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have been born with it. "How stupid mankind is, what fools the people are!" he fulminated in a letter to a schoolboy friend. Though only 11, he was furious that Louis-Philippe, the ostentatiously middle-class "Citizen King," had the temerity to visit Rouen, birthplace of Pierre Corneille.

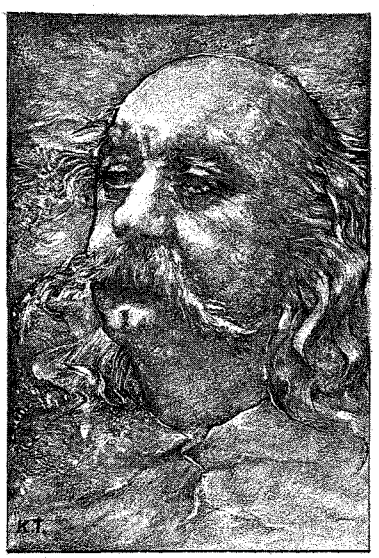
Though contemptuous of the King, Flaubert was even more contemptuous of the mediocrity of the speeches against him in the Revolution of 1848. His anti-republicanism was largely aesthetic, rooted in his nervous inability to hear a cliché without twitching. "I remained cold and nauseated with disgust in the midst of all the patriotic enthusiasm aroused by the 'helm of State,' the 'abyss toward which we are racing,' the 'honor of our flag,' the 'shadow of our banners,' the 'brotherhood of peoples,' and other stuff in the same vein."

He started writing *Madame Bovary* in 1851 in the middle of Louis Napoléon's coup d'état, the political upheaval strengthening his resolve to bring order out of chaos on paper. Insisting that "a good prose sentence should be like a line of poetry—*unchangeable*, just as rhythmic, just as sonorous," he frequently spent all day searching for a word that suited his stringent requirements of melody and rhythm. When he found it, "he would shout it at the top of his voice to test its music and make sure it contained no awkward combination of sounds. If he encountered the least snag, he would go back to work, scratch out, write between the lines, polish until the words flowed naturally and harmoniously."

Working seven hours a day, he produced twenty pages a month—all that remained after he had cut and tightened a much larger pile of manuscript. Ruthlessly deleting unnecessary adjectives, flowery metaphors, dialogue and descriptions that did not illuminate character or advance the plot, and, above all, taking pains to keep his own authorial voice out of the story and let his characters speak for themselves, he achieved a literary version of the maxim, "The government governs best that governs least."

He had a ready answer for friends who accused him of nitpicking. "When I discover a disagreeable assonance or a repetition in one of my sentences, I can be sure that I'm floundering around in something false." Like George Orwell, he understood that opaque language is a tool of oppressive governments. "When one writes well," he warned Guy de Maupassant, "one has two enemies to face: first, the public, because style forces it to think, obliges it to do some work; and second, the government, because it senses a force in us and power loves not another power."

A sensual man who saw sex as a threat to his artistic need for tranquillity, Flaubert experimented with celibacy in his twenties and practiced it periodically while living the life of a confirmed bachelor in his mother's country house outside Rouen. Occa-



Katherine Trunk

sional copulation was pleasant, but he would brook no interruptions from love-struck women. "The mere thought of being disturbed disturbs me," he said sourly.

Then he met an arty Parisian narcissist named Louise Colet, who liked to say that the arms of the Venus de Milo had been found in the sleeves of her dress. From the moment they became lovers Louise felt she owned him and demanded to see him every day. When he told her she would have to be content with a correspondence, she demanded that he write her every day, but he replied, "The very idea that you want a letter every morning will prevent me from writing it."

She clung harder, grilling him jealously about other women, complaining that he forgot her birthday, forgot to kiss her goodbye, and refused to say he would love her *forever*. To this he replied, "If despite the love that binds you to my poor self, my personality causes you too much pain, leave me."

Naturally that made her redouble her efforts. When he forgot the anniversary of their meeting, she reproached him with tears and recriminations. Next she tried to bind him to her by suggesting they collaborate on a book. Finally, when she said she wanted a child by him, he went ballistic. If she dared carry out such a mad plan, he vowed, "the Seine is here, and I would throw myself into it at this very moment with a 36-pound cannonball attached to my feet."

He concluded: "It is impossible for me to continue any longer a correspondence that is becoming epileptic. . . . I am weary of grand passions, exalted feelings, frenzied loves, and howling despairs."

He forbade her to come to his mother's house, but the desperate Louise showed up anyway—while he was writing *Bovary*. That did it. "Madame," he wrote her, "I am told that you took the trouble to call on me three times last evening. I was not in. And, fearing that if you persist in this way I shall be obliged to offer you repeated affronts, I am bound by the rules of courtesy to warn you that *I shall never be in*. Sincerely yours, G.F."

The Louise Colet episode illustrated something Flaubert knew instinctively but that today's conservatives, muzzled by America's romantic ethos, are loath to consider: there is something plebeian about sex. The agitated emotions, morbid suspicions, furious invective, wild jealousy, maudlin sentiment, and presumptuous familiarity it engenders all point to the inescapable conclusion that the behavior of the lover is the behavior of the mob.

Ironically, Flaubert's only intentional use of bad French was in the service of feminism. In letters to George Sand he addressed her as "Dear Master," using *maître*, a masculine noun, out of respect for her literary stature, but the feminine adjective *chère*, in deference to her sex. (When a conservative man respects you, you really know you've been respected.)

I discovered Henri Troyat ten years ago when I read his devastatingly perceptive and frequently hilarious life of Czar Alexander I, *Alexander of Russia: Napoleon's Conqueror*. This dazzling account of Gustave Flaubert's life reinforces my opinion that Troyat is the finest biographer now writing.

Other students of Flaubert have

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presented him as a literary hermit who withdrew completely from the world, but Troyat the historian reminds us that he lived through not only the Revolution of 1848 and the Bonapartist power grab, but the Second Empire, the Franco-Prussian War, and the Paris Commune—enough to make a political animal of the most rarified artist.

Both Troyat and Flaubert have been well served by a translator of uncommon common sense whose gift for grappling with the idioms and buzzwords of another time and place is—dare I say it?—awesome. Flaubert had a scatological streak and something of a dirty mind, but Mrs. Pinkham renders it all with no bumps and grinds, syntactical or otherwise. This book comes with a summa cum laude recommendation. □

Past Perfect

THOMAS MALLON

IT is a sort of friendship forever found in literature, high and low: the plodder putting up with the schemer, the good Everychild energized by the borderline bad one. Amelia Sedley is commandeered by Becky Sharp; Wally Cleaver is oiled by Eddie Haskell. In John Mortimer's fine new novel it is anxious, dull Philip Progmire who tells of being led about by the book's eponym, Dunster, "who looked a fanatic: bright-eyed with a lock of dark hair fallen across his forehead, his unbuttoned mac flapping in the wind and a voice which trembled on the verge of indignation or sarcastic laughter . . ." At their London day school in the Sixties, Dunster needs Philip for an audience, and dun little Philip needs Dunster as a sort of gaudy protective coloring.

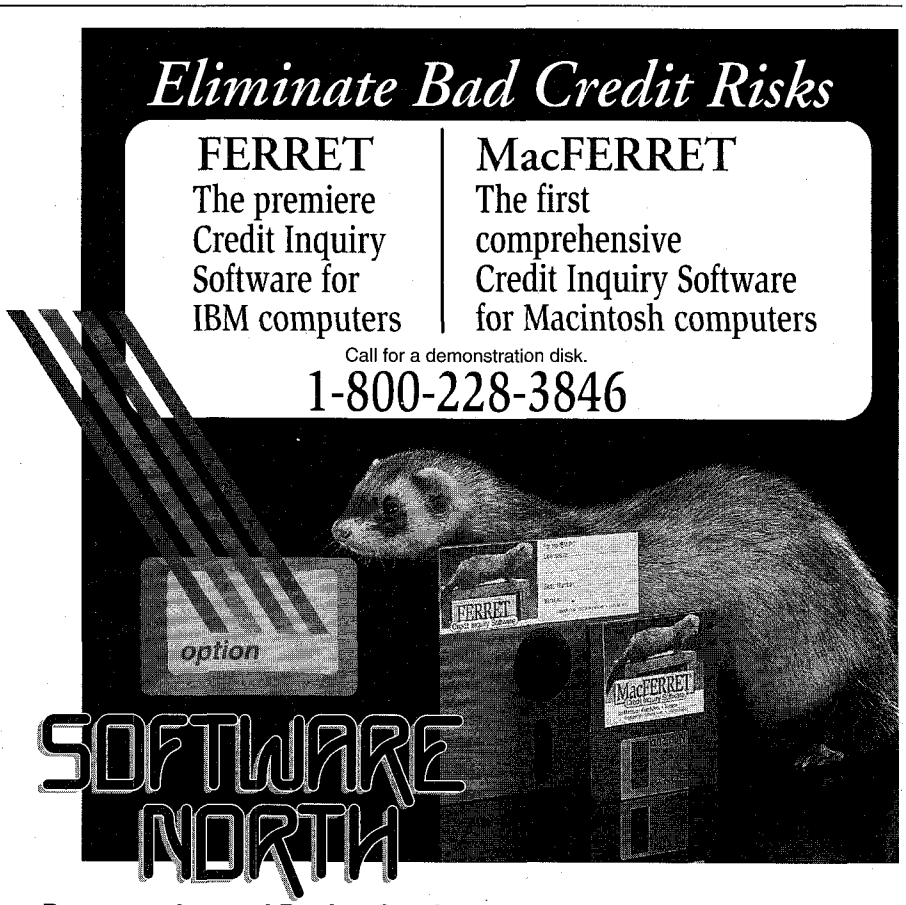
Dunster, by John Mortimer (Viking, 296 pp., $21)

Their most enduring difference concerns truthtelling. For Dunster, a born gadfly, almost pathologically confident, it is "an unreasonable addiction," whereas Philip satisfied an attraction to make-believe through university plays and, later, community theatricals. Dunster even lambastes a Labour minister for drinking champagne at a party, and takes serious exception to a pontificator in Speakers' Corner. At Oxford he deals his friendship with Philip what should be a fatal blow by panning young Progmire's Hamlet ("His advice to the players was fairly well spoken; the only trouble was that he seemed unable to take any of it himself") and the Ophelia of Philip's girlfriend and future wife, Beth. Years later Dunster will steal Beth from Philip and ask the cuckold to serve as best man: "I don't exactly know whether [one is] called for in the civil ceremony, but I wouldn't want anybody else but you, Progmire, old man."

Philip has wound up working for Megapolis Television, though as an accountant instead of an actor. Dunster, naturally, has become a journalist. Their paths recross when the latter is hired to script a documentary series called *War Crimes*. This is not Megapolis's usual fare (*Great Hotels of the World* is more like that), but the project has been green-lighted by the boss Philip idolizes, Sir Crispin Bellhanger, a World War II hero himself, a good-looking man's man with a modest manner and generous managerial style. An appalled realist about the true nature of war, he defines a war crime as "something that's done by the defeated." He thinks *War Crimes* will be good for Megapolis and the British public.

Re-enter Dunster, who confronts Philip with the crisis of his professional and moral life by claiming to have turned up evidence that a long-ago atrocity in an Italian village Mortimer calls Pomeriggio—a church full of villagers blown up by the occupying German Army—was actually carried out by the British. "A reprisal for two British prisoners, betrayed to the fascists," Dunster tells Philip, gleefully. Moreover, the massacre was directed by none other than Crispin Bellhanger, the same fine man who has approved the documentary. "Have you

Mr. Mallon's collection of essays, Rockets and Rodeos and Other American Spectacles, *has just been published by Ticknor & Fields.*



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never heard of the need for confession?" argues Dunster. "Murderers have it. They hang around police stations. They offer to help the police with their inquiries. They make witness statements. In the end they have to give themselves away. Don't you know that's what happened? Sir Crispin Bellhanger's been longing to tell the world about this for years."

Philip believes totally in Sir Crispin's innocence and throws himself into his defense with uncharacteristic aggression. The characters on whom the truth will depend include Philip's former father-in-law (and Dunster's current one), Jaunty Blair, a rural character of undependable mood and memory; and the former Lance Corporal Nathaniel Sweeting, a deserter from Bellhanger's unit who has lived the last half-century in a town in the Apennines as one Signor Andreini, proprietor of the Bar della Luna. He's afraid of being prosecuted for his desertion even yet, but wonders if everyone's sudden need for him isn't a lucky break for him and his wife, Constanzia. "I've got a married sister in Dorking. I'd like to go back. I'd really like to. I'm getting tired of all this Andreini business."

Since this is a novel by the former barrister who created Rumpole, it naturally enough climaxes with a trial, one for libel, full of amusing verbal byplay and commentary, as when the judge explodes over some of Dunster's pre-trial activity: " 'litigants in *this* country leave it to their solicitors to go round collecting evidence.' He made it sound an eccentric and revolting occupation, like someone pulling out their own teeth." The book is full of gentle humor (Beth praises shy young Philip for his Hamlet by saying he was "marvelous in all the indecisive bits") and sharp descriptive flourishes: "the long, wet, and over-excited summer term continued. There were no lazy afternoons on the river for us, no strawberries and Chablis in the sun. There were only glistening pavements and rehearsals and grey clouds." More important, by the time he's through, Mortimer has convinced the reader that Dunster is comparable to a force of nature ("Being angry with Dunster . . . seemed as futile as raging at the rain that fell each day"), and that Beth is nearly as nasty a piece of work as Waugh's Brenda Last.

With the exception of an epilogue chapter that seems to lack the right measure of *gravitas*, the novel is exceptionally well constructed. Mortimer lets a reader feel smug by allowing him to see something major coming from a mile off, even as he's turning the screw—and turning it again—behind the reader's back. Writing television serials has, if anything, improved Mortimer's sense of construction. He has a splendid way of ending chapters—*stay tuned*—with some tantalizing bit of information matter-of-factly stated. Longevity has given him range. He depicts Sir Crispin's wife, Angela, an actress in wartime tearjerker movies, as convincingly as he does Philip's post-divorce girlfriend, Lucy, a baby-boom solicitor who has never heard of Gracie Fields.

Like his great British precursors in comic fiction, Mortimer strikes the important verities lightly but certainly, like a skimming stone. The literal truth will out, and that of Pomeriggio proves no exception. Justice—both the judicial and larger kinds—is a trickier affair. So is the past, the nature of which is perhaps Mortimer's ultimate subject in this very trim book. As Crispin Bellhanger consolingly tells Philip after Beth's desertion: "Oh, not that you'll lose those years when you were married. They'll be there always. But it'll be as though they happened to someone else." □

FILM

Mighty Oak

JOHN SIMON

"IF WE have a child," says Nela to her lover, Mitica, "it will be either a genius or an idiot." "If it turns out normal," answers Mitica, "I'll strangle it with my bare hands." So ends ***The Oak***, the movie with which the Rumanian director Lucian Pintilie may rightfully claim to be the heir apparent of those great Italian masters, Fellini and De Sica. It concerns Rumania during the last phase of the Ceausescu dictatorship, but it applies equally to any country in which a despot with a servile bureaucracy at his command holds sway. And there still are, and perhaps always will be, such countries in our hapless world.

What that exchange means is simply this: to survive intact in a totalitarian bureaucracy, you have to be either a person of exceptional skill and intelligence or a holy simpleton. In *The Oak*, Mitica is a bit of a genius, and Nela a magnificent fool. Both are completely honest and fearless, and complement each other perfectly; they could have managed even if Rumania had not ridded itself of the Ceausescus. But, then, Rumania is not quite like the former Soviet Union or Nazi Germany. It is, for all the Ugric and Slavic admixtures, a Romance country, in which (to adapt Lucchino Visconti's *mot* about the Fascists versus the Nazis) the horror was more operettaish than operatic. But we must not forget that such an operetta is as lethal as it is comic.

In Rumania, as elsewhere, the one most in danger of becoming dehumanized by totalitarianism is indeed the "normal person," as Pintilie's film shows with a dazzling but unblinding clarity. It opens with a modern Bucharest housing development that the camera approaches during the title sequence through a wilderness of weeds and stray dogs. But inside the rundown apartment of Nela, the schoolteacher heroine, things are exponentially worse. Nela and an older man are in bed together watching home movies of a happy Christmas party for a little girl. In Nela's apartment ashtrays overflow with generations of cigarette stubs, the kitchen is a graveyard for appliances buried in alimentary debris, the bathroom looks like a promoter rather than a challenger of filth; here, as elsewhere in the movie, if water comes from the taps at all, it is the color and consistency of cocoa—or something worse.

As for the double bed that Nela and the man occupy—the latter in some sort of stupor as he lets a crumpled *Paris Match* and an overturned glass of milk add to the dismalness—it is the ultimate, ineffable disaster area. Nela, disheveled, smokes ferociously

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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as she watches the movie—projected by the whirring mechanism beside her onto a wall impinged on by Soviet airplane models—with a mixture of contempt and loathing. Who are this young woman, striking even in disarray, and that seemingly passed-out, fine-looking man? Spouses, lovers, prostitute and client? In the home movie, the little girl plucks off Santa's beard, rejects all toys but a handgun, and, transported by Santa, gleefully shoots all the party guests who collapse in sham deaths as the camera dollies after that doll-like would-be murderess. We come to realize that the man in bed is Nela's father, to whom the young woman administers a belated injection: Dad is dead.

The next events, leading up to Nela's leaving home, are among the finest examples of sardonic grotesquerie I have ever seen: a series of incidents as absurd as comic, as funny as garish. I won't spoil it for you, and will mention only Nela's subsequent confrontation with the surgeon who operated on her colonel-father, and who now rejects the father's wish that parts of him be donated to science or needy human beings. The grounds for refusal encapsulate a cross-section of what is wrong with economically and morally bankrupt Rumania. Eventually Nela, about to transfer to an elementary school in a provincial town, has Dad cremated. In a marvelous shot, we see the good hand of that one-armed man crumble into cinders. Collecting the ashes in a Nescafé jar, Nela proceeds to a farewell call on a lover, with the jar sometimes in a brown paper bag, sometimes exposed, giving new meaning to Jules Laforgue's verse, "*Les morts, ça voyage*," where, of course, the genius is in the tiny *ça*.

In the film, too—with Pintilie's script based on a novel by Ion Baiescu—the genius is in the details, though the larger aspects of construction and characterization, verbal and visual narration are by no means neglected. When Nela, in a rage, demolishes her telephone and overturns her projector, the latter keeps turning, slapping its images at a drunken angle wherever they fall. So, too, the past, recent or distant, obtrudes indiscriminately, creating sardonic superimpositions, jangling paradoxes. Most appallingly, that mock holocaust wreaked by the little girl—Nela as a child—will return to haunt her (and us) in the film's most shocking scene near the end. Yet even there Pintilie works a bit of comedy into the horror—legitimately, and with exquisite perception.

Take the delineation of Nela. This woman is totally fearless, except that, when she must change trains in the night because a bridge may not hold, she refuses to wade across the swollen stream: she is—of all things—afraid of snakes. Even more peripatetic than her father's ashes is her Polaroid camera. Why does this unsentimental, untouristy traveler take pictures of everyone and everything? Because in a society where death and enforced decay devour life with heightened voracity, you need something to conjure up an illusion of survival. So Nela's pocketbook and wall space are always full of snapshots, happy or sad, of creatures without other memorial except the Polaroid, prodding memory into becoming a cenotaph. In a wonderful late scene, Nela buries these pictures.

Peter Fasth

The Oak is a picaresque story, for Nela, even when not on the go, is never static. She has the good fortune of meeting an ideal fellow *picaro*, the young doctor Mitica, who saves her from being raped by four thugs. Mitica is such a strong man—muscular of body, stout of heart, irreverent of mind—that he is only bruisable, never breakable. This is, to be sure, partly because he is the only true healer in these parts where shortages proliferate. That makes him close to impervious to party bosses, hospital superiors, the Securitate (the secret police), and other forms of chicanery. And his sense of humor, joined to a relish for people (well, those who haven't lost their savor), stands him in good stead.

Having been plundered, Nela has no shoes. In response to Mitica's invitation for a weekend in the country, she remarks, "If you buy me a pair of sneakers, I'll go with you anywhere," and, as so often, puts a bare foot on the table. "No need to buy any," he replies, "I'll give you a pair of mine: we have the same size feet." A large (but not heavy) woman, this Nela; we see her in the next shot enjoying the country with Mitica and taking a Polaroid picture of those sneakers on her feet. Thus she and he approach the world on equal footing. And the picaresque outing evolves into a journey through other dimensions: the impacted mentalities of army personnel, petty officials, lawyers, teachers, Securitate agents, priests and their wives.

Nela even recaptures some of the past: she finds out the true answer to why her supposedly noble father placed one of his arms before an oncoming train, and about what her mother had to put up with. And she gains a catastrophic insight into the smarmy, hated sister who tauntingly dogs her almost every step. That last encounter with the sister is so hallucinatory that one doesn't quite know what to make of it; but this whole twilight of the Ceausescus is the world at its bewilderingly topsy-turviest. Yet it is thanks to this world—more upside-downness!—that Nela and Mitica find love, notably during two burials: that of Titi, a young religious cultist and favorite patient of Mitica's, whom the doctor cannot save, but whose precious diary he rescues from the Securitate; and that of the father in the Nescafé jar, interred, as he requested, under a superb oak. Here Nela and Mitica play out one of the most strangely beautiful, and beautifully shot (with a camera, but almost with a gun as well), love scenes in movie history.

Aside from a few cogent rubatos, *The Oak* moves at an insistently breakneck pace, as befits the madness it chronicles. You have to read the subtitles (good, but not good enough) quickly, so as to have time to take in the riches of throwaway details providing a wry obligato to the main action. Note, for instance, the recurrent images of forlorn faces staring out of windows across the street, the ludi-

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crous code names of army radio operators during maneuvers, the one-line definition of the burg in which Nela may be stuck forever, certain expressions on the faces of embarrassed Securitate agents, the farcical way in which Mitica treats his oafishly adoring nurse, the exasperation of Nela when she swallows some suicide pills and there's no water from the faucet, so she has to dump a bunch of flowers and drink up the contents of their vase. And much, much more.

And also note the sensitively understated cinematography of Doru Mitran in, for example, the gorgeous backward-tracking shot at the end of Nela's last visit to her ailing mother, where the camera seems to take discreet leave of the dying old woman as, supported by Nela, she moves down an alley of trees in the opposite direction. The scene is bathed in an unearthly wash of blue, as if Mother were fading into Heaven.

All performances are fine, but the two leads are spectacular. Maia Morgenstern is of the family of such rawboned, powerful actresses as Christine Lahti and Sigourney Weaver, with the added zaniness of a Mary Steenburgen, and the veiled sexiness of a Kathy Baker. Her beauty sneaks up on you, then ambushes you with frightening intensity. She acts from the bottom of her being—even her quiet moments seem to be eruptions shot in slow motion. There is passion in her wit, wit in her passion; can you ask for more? As for Razvan Vasilescu, he has one of those slightly crooked, sly, almost homely faces that light up with intelligence, humor, and a perverse joy of living just when every hurdle is higher than the last. There is a restless alertness about his gaze from behind narrowed lids, a quickness of comprehension one jump ahead of everybody else's. Without the least effort to please, these two compel you to root for them with all your being.

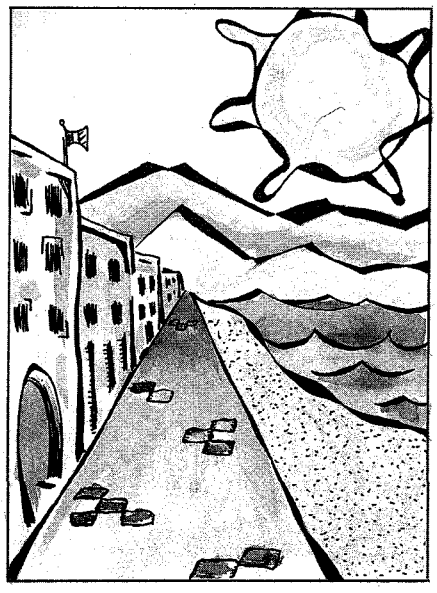
Lucian Pintilie, now 59, made this film in 1991. His persona contains elements of both Mitica and Nela. He has done distinguished work in Rumanian film, theater, and television, and had the honor of being repeatedly censored by Ceausescu himself. With his first film, *Sunday at Six*, and especially the second, *The Reconstruction*, he demonstrated (in Mira and Antonín Liehm's phrase, in their book *The Most Important Art*) "that Rumanian film finally had a director of international stature." His stage production of *The Inspector General* was banned after three performances; his 1979 film, *Carnival Scenes*, could not be shown till 1991; finally Ceausescu personally saw to it, with sarcastic politeness, that Pintilie be granted his exit passport. For 17 years he lived in France and America, directing controversial stage productions. Now he's back in charge of Rumanian film production with the suitably operettaish title Director of the Cinema Creation Studio of the Ministry of Rumanian Culture.

I could detect only one false step in *The Oak*: some time after death, Titi's corpse still shows no sign of rigor mortis. But even that may have been right in Rumania: where every sort of rigor besets the living, how could death be anything but a loosening? □

DELECTATIONS

Goodbye to All That

TAKI



Michael Sportes

ON the Côte d'Azur, nostalgia is a way of life, as if the sunny gaming haven needs to remind her lovers that it was not always Day-Glo hang-gliders, Lycra-clad toy boys, slot machines, and sewage. Not to mention the black leather and blacker sunglasses worn by homosexual cruisers who now scour the cafés full of facelifts and fur coats. And as if this weren't enough, one has the added barbarism of young Americans begging in Nice's railway station, the very same in which Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald arrived in the fabled land of their youth.

The recent death of Rudolf Nureyev brought it all back: as soon as one disembarked from *le Train Bleu*, one was met by the wild scarlet splash of the poppies, and the violet waves of the wisteria. There were no high-rises back then, only geraniums starting from every crevice. There was little traffic, and the sea was cleaner than anywhere else in the Mediterranean.

It was during the Fifties that the Riviera became once again the magnet for the world's elite, a place where Warner and Zanuck, Beaverbrook and Dubonnet, Niarchos and Onassis, Agnelli, Picasso, de Stael, Matisse, Chagall, and Graham Greene were the names to drop, if one was inclined to do so. Not many were. Oh yes, I almost forgot, and a rather good-looking chap who owned a wonderful old schooner by the name of *Zacca*, and whose own name had given us the expression "in like Flynn."

Errol Flynn and Gianni Agnelli were weekend friends—i.e., Gianni flew to Turin and worked at Fiat during the week, and joined Errol during the weekend. Gianni's boat was the *Agneta*, Niarchos's the *Créole*, two of the most beautiful sailboats ever built, and then there was the *Shemara* of Lord and Lady Docker, the *Mahlane* of Sam Spiegel, and the *Christina* of Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the uncrowned king of Monte Carlo, as we all called him.

If yachting was the focus of social life during the daytime, at night bronzed shoulders rubbed together in the villas and mansions of the various tycoons. Agnelli lived in *La Leopolda*, the palace-like villa of the King of the Belgians. (Gianni bought it for $100,000 in 1952.) Niarchos was in the Château de la Croë, where the Windsors spent their first summer after the abdication; while Onassis, not to be

Taki Theodoracopulos, who writes the "High Life" column for The Spectator *in London, is the author of* Nothing to Declare *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

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outdone, had the Château de la Garoupe, right next door to his brother-in-law and main competitor. Between Antibes and Cap Ferrat—a distance of 15 miles—one could find refuge throughout the day and most of the night, and all one needed was a dinner jacket and good manners.

Back in those halcyon days, the war of egos was fought on the green felt tables of the Cannes and Monte Carlo casinos. At the baccarat table, "*Tout va.*" Warner and Zanuck were regulars, as was Agnelli. Niarchos and Onassis were occasional punters at enormous sums, while Beaverbrook and artists such as Picasso never went near the tables. I once saw Onassis gambling in order to amuse Winston Churchill, who was the Golden Greek's guest on the *Christina*, and when I asked Aristo why he was playing at the smallest table in the room, he told me shipping was so big a gamble that roulette paled in comparison. (He also owned a controlling interest in the casino, so in a way he was playing against himself.)

Life was very simple back then. Nobody seemed to have heard of the word guilt, and fun for fun's sake was pursued with a vengeance. Jack Warner, in his seventies by then, needed a nimble tennis partner, and I volunteered for the duration. Mr. Warner, as we were obliged to call him, introduced us to starlets in return for our services, pun intended. After the tennis, there would be swimming in the bay of Antibes, where Rosemary Hoyt first fell in love with Dick Diver, followed by lunch either on the terrace of the Hôtel du Cap, or at Le Point, in Monte Carlo. The way the system worked was as follows. A host or hostess would invite a dozen people to stay, and after a week or two the guests would return to the various grand hotels of the Riviera. Then others would take their place. More often than not one kept one's rooms at the hotel, prices being 95 per cent cheaper than they are today. It was one big party for three long months.

The end came rather suddenly. Onassis fought with Rainier over what Monte Carlo should be, the Greek wishing to keep it a Ruritania-by-the-sea, Rainier, a Switzerland in heat. The Prince won, and with Onassis left Agnelli, Niarchos (who still owns La Croë but hardly ever goes), Dubonnet, etc. Even the Sea Club shut down, replaced by Régine's, not unlike a Holiday Inn replacing the Ritz.

It was at the Sea Club that I danced with Nureyev. Rudy, as he demanded everyone call him, had defected in 1961, and by the summer of 1962 had already purchased a house in La Turbie, a small village high above the hills surrounding Monaco. It was a strange house, with no furniture but full of wildflowers, and that is where Rudy would go between engagements for a rest.

Well, hardly a rest. I had met him because of my then fiancée's ballet teacher, Marika Besobrasova, who was *the* ballet teacher in residence. Rudy had taken a liking to Cristina and myself, and would often come to the bar of the Hôtel de Paris and have a drink with us before dinner. After that we would go to the Sea Club, where in his honor the orchestra leader would always signal the close of festivities at 4 A.M. by playing the overture to *Swan Lake*.

During one particular wild night, while Rudy was on tour, an Italian friend of mine, Achille Bruzoni, and I got up drunkenly and went on stage where we proceeded to "dance" the death of the swan. I was the swan, but Achille, too drunk to hold me, dropped me and even fell on top of me, and the crowd cheered like mad. We repeated our performance the next night, and the next, and the next.

Then one night, as Achille and I once again got drunker and drunker in order to get the Dutch courage for our nightly ballet appearance, Rudy walked in and sat down with us. Cristina went white and told me not to dare and insult him by going on stage. Even the orchestra leader, an old friend, signaled us to stay put. But Achille wouldn't hear of it and told Rudy he was cramping our style. That is when Rudy produced out of the blue some ballet tights, told me to change into them, and—leaving the rude Italian behind—went on stage with me and proceeded to do a *pas de deux* with probably the worst imitation ever of Margot Fonteyn. Needless to say we got a standing ovation, and Rudy never allowed me to forget it. Every time he'd see me he would cross the room and announce that I was "the best female dancer he ever had." It did wonders for my reputation, but I didn't mind. That was the last great summer on the Riviera, and even if my reputation was ruined, it was worth it.

Ironically, the last time I saw Rudy was in Greece, and he must have known he was ill because he made no jokes about gays, as he always did with people who were straight. (If you were straight, he would treat you as if you were gay, and vice versa.) We talked about the Riviera, and how it was gone forever, and now he, too, is gone. But unlike the Côte d'Azur, he's dancing in that great theater up above, a place the Riviera resembled once upon a time. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Making the Mummies Dance, by Thomas Hoving (Simon & Schuster, 429 pp., $25)

IF THIS were a better book, it would probably be far less enjoyable than it surely is. Thomas Hoving's account of the trials and tribulations of his 13 years as the head of New York's Metropolitan Museum is, some would contend, like his other books and indeed like his entire career, a vulgar crowdpleaser. Here we have the man who virtually invented the blockbuster exhibition, most famously with *The Treasures of Tutankhamen*, and whose most lasting contribution to the institution he served with such questionable distinction may have been the installation of two big gift-shops in its augustly granitic lobby. His book is enlivened by no lofty meditations on human culture. It is about the sleazy, sub-reptilian world of the administration of America's greatest art museum. Everything is rampant opportunism, careerism out of control, snobbery of the most acrobatic sort. The charm of this compulsively readable book is that its author is fully aware of the tawdriness of the world by which he continues to be so fatally captivated. There is an almost lubricious thrill in his retelling of how he scrambled for media attention as Mayor Lindsay's parks commissioner, how he managed to ooze his way into the museum's directorship, how he and Jackie O. were lionized at the Plaza-Athénée in Paris. It has recently been reported in the *New York Times* that the book is rife with inaccuracies. But even if the book

(Continues on page 69)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 J	2 N		3 D	4 O	5 E	6 L		7 B	8 H	9 C		10 G	11 M	12 P	13 A	14 F	15 I	16 W		17 N	18 L
19 B	20 O	21 T	22 K	23 E	24 J		25 S	26 D	27 M	28 A		29 N	30 U		31 D	32 C	33 F	34 L	35 O	36 B	37 V
	38 G	39 P	40 E	41 S	42 K	43 F	44 I	45 C	46 A		47 N	48 V	49 M	50 R	51 H	52 B	53 J		54 Q	55 D	56 P
57 U		58 A	59 C		60 L	61 W	62 H		63 E	64 G	65 B	66 J		67 S	68 B	69 I		70 R	71 N		72 H
73 O		74 H	75 F		76 K	77 L	78 A	79 D	80 I	81 U	82 M		83 D	84 B	85 N	86 T	87 W	88 P	89 V	90 I	
91 M		92 N	93 K	94 L	95 C		96 F	97 T	98 A	99 W		100G	101B	102K	103L		104C	105Q	106I	107U	
108F	109J	110S	111H		112E	113G	114P	115K	116V	117O	118M		119D	120E	121Q	122L	123J	124N	125O	126I	
127V	128G	129N		130T	131J	132W	133I	134D		135G	136M	137S		138T	139A	140R		141C	142P	143E	144K
	145E	146R	147H	148F	149M	150O		151V	152F		153H	154U	155D	156G	157O	158S	159L	160B		161B	162L
163U	164D	165A	166C	167N		168F	169B	170N	171K	172W	173P	174C	175I	176Q	177O						

DEFINITIONS

A. Skinflint — 46 98 13 139 28 58 165 78

B. One-time knocker — 65 84 161 52 36 7 68 169 101 19 160

C. Glee — 174 59 141 95 32 104 9 45 166

D. Humorous Maryland town? (2 words) — 119 31 79 164 134 155 3 55 83 26

E. Hit for numbers, on the diamond — 143 5 145 120 23 63 40 112

F. Perplexed by Christie — 108 75 33 96 168 152 148 14 43

G. Moving — 38 156 100 113 64 135 128 10

H. Improve the spirits — 74 153 72 147 8 51 111 62

I. Object of a springtime hunt (2 words) — 133 106 15 69 175 80 44 126 90

J. Ornery, in the oaters — 24 131 66 123 109 1 53

K. Critical supply route — 144 42 76 171 102 115 22 93

L. Florida Gulf Coast city — 60 103 77 94 159 122 18 34 6 162

M. Quaff — 82 49 27 11 118 91 136 149

N. Not up to the job — 124 17 167 92 71 2 47 129 29 170 85

O. Religious beginning — 125 35 157 20 73 117 4 177 150

P. Frighten — 173 142 39 12 88 114 56

Q. Wallet filler — 121 176 105 54

R. Sign variety — 146 140 70 50

S. Commands — 67 137 25 158 110 41

T. August, for example — 130 21 86 138 97

U. What many homeless are — 163 107 57 81 30 154

V. Settlement — 116 127 48 151 89 37

W. Endures — 99 16 61 132 87 172

DIRECTIONS

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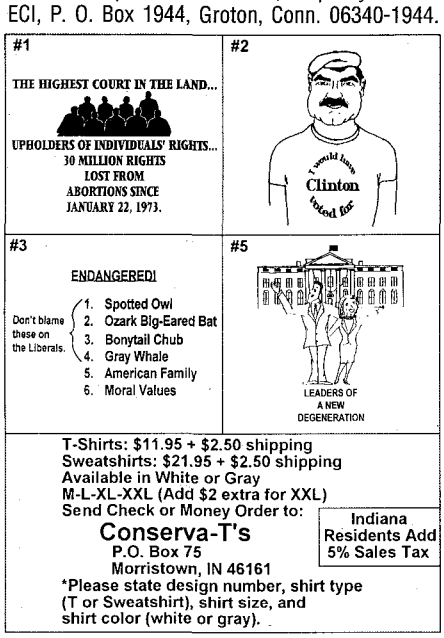
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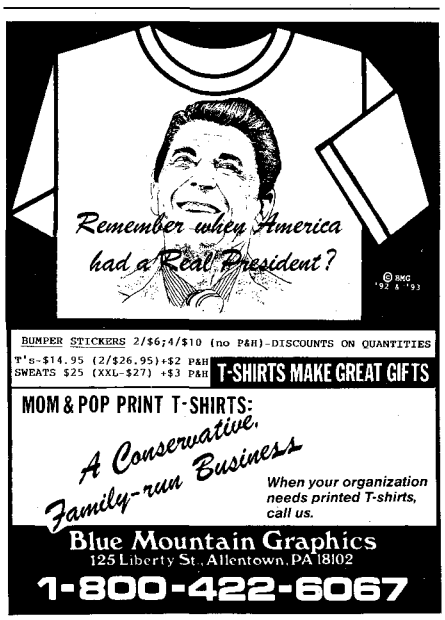
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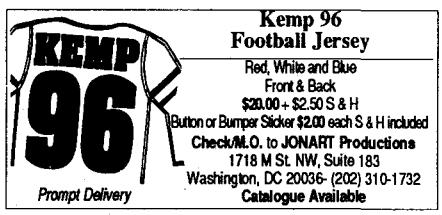
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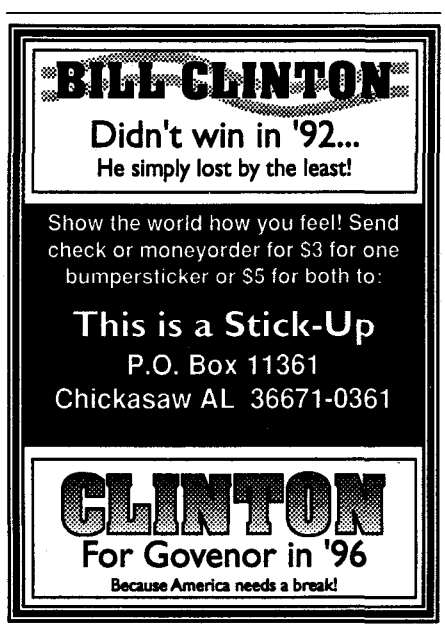
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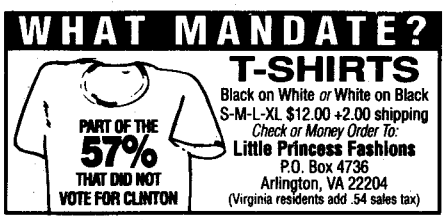
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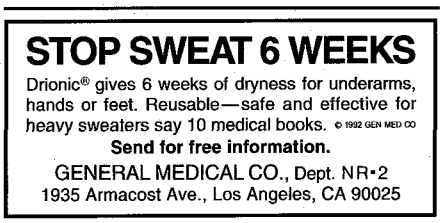
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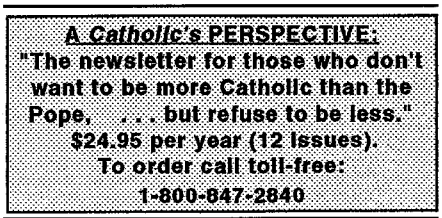
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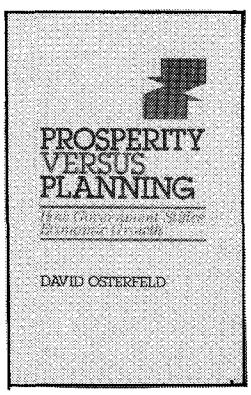

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Miscellaneous

GENTILE? EDITOR John O'Sullivan discussed correspondence between a Korean-American lady in San José and a Jewish-American professor in Tampa in the February 1 issue of *NR*, page 6, regarding the propriety of "gentile" as a label. Although Mr. O'Sullivan analyzed one letter, there are actually three letters. They are a fun read. The professor calls the lady a "silly snit"; the lady instructs the professor about the extent to which Biblical writ runs in Asia. For a free copy of all three letters, send a S.A.S.E. to: Resisting Defamation Caucus, 2530 Berryessa Road, #616, San José, Calif. 95132. You will not be put on any mailing list or solicited for money.

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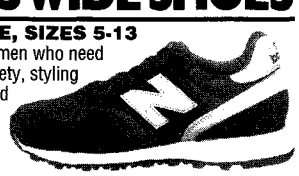

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 65)

were accurate, would that make much difference? The *Times* once ran an interview in which Hoving admitted that he was no longer much interested in art. For evidence that he was ever interested in the first place, one will have to look elsewhere than in this book. —James Gardner

Forbidden Grounds: The Case Against Employment Discrimination Laws, by Richard Epstein (Harvard, 521 pp., $39.95)

CYNICAL conservatives and moderates who thought they could ignore or tame the affirmative-action juggernaut that quietly rolled through the Reagan–Bush years must now confront the machine's aggressive new drivers in Bill Clinton's "Cabinet that looks like America." Opponents will need the massive data, logic, and originality marshalled here. Richard Epstein's major thesis is that government-enforced anti-discrimination efforts under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act intrude upon freedom of contract and the "concomitant but limited role of the state" by expanding the list of "forbidden grounds" for hiring, retaining, or promoting employees: race, sex, age, national origin, religious belief, handicap, and sometimes sexual orientation. The author admits that one kind of government abuse (state-sponsored segregation) begat another (the federally sponsored anti-discrimination frenzy). But the necessary, corrective mission of the 1964 Civil Rights Act was quickly corrupted by judges and bureaucrats. Epstein shows all the twists, turns, and doublethink by which the language and intent of Title VII were transformed into an enormous tangle of regulations that encouraged quotas. His provocative solution is to repeal the "entire apparatus of anti-discrimination laws in Title VII . . . insofar as it applies to private employers." He explains, "Voluntary affirmative action is perfectly acceptable by private firms, but far more problematic when undertaken by government, precisely because there is no adequate theory to explain the distribution of government largesse among its many eager recipients." These distinctions, however, are likely to be lost on the zealous bean-counters of the new Administration.

—Frederick R. Lynch

Degree of Guilt, by Richard North Patterson (Knopf, 548 pp., $23)

A THRILLER this is not, although it begins with a homicide. A courtroom drama it is—just. A great success it is almost sure to be, since, with exploitative calculation, it touches trendy nerves and invokes a flurry of fashionable echoes. Its big question is whether a woman who defends herself against a rapist can get a fair trial: and the big answer is, of course, no, at least not easily. The story is really quite simple. Famous TV person (female) shoots famous novelist (male) in a San Francisco hotel room. She claims to have acted in self-defense because he was trying to rape her, but inconsistent details suggest that she may have had some more cold-blooded motive. The lawyer who reluctantly defends her is a long-estranged lover and the presumed father of her child. Mr. Patterson doesn't write particularly well (would any human being utter such a sentence as "Forgive me if I made the point inartfully"?), but he certainly knows how to shovel in the required ingredients—date-rape, tearful parenting, lesbianism, nostalgia for the Sixties, perverted sex, marital abuse. The good characters are either liberal-feminist or "non-political." The judge is female and every woman a "Ms." The traditional hook in this kind of plot remains virtually infallible. What really happened in the hotel room? What will the surprise witness tell? It works. But the discriminating reader might save considerable time (Mr. Patterson has indulged himself in a modishly large book) by going back instead to one of Erle Stanley Gardner's 82 excellent Perry Mason novels.

—Anthony Lejeune

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

It's the Other Things Too, Stupid!

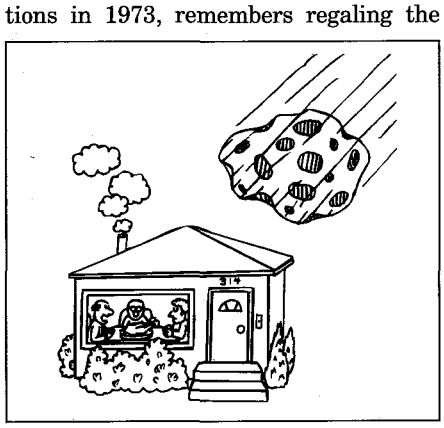
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1

Except that he hasn't quite earned it, one is tempted to feel sorry for Bill Clinton. He has the air these days of the college student elected President for a Day by his classmates who then wakes suddenly to find himself actually occupying the Oval Office. Now when, during the campaign, George Bush kept stressing that we live in a dangerous world, and telling what his experience in maneuvering about in such a world was, one could not deduce exactly how Mr. Bush would have handled, mishandled, or finessed some of the crises of the day. To say that the world is complicated isn't to reveal that one knows how to handle a complicated world. But it is a step in the right direction—the acknowledgment that we are a superpower in a very complicated world and that the definition of our responsibilities is probably best done by someone who has had training in the art.

One single day's newspaper, the *International Herald Tribune*, is a Chamber of Horrors on the subject of the world we live in. The main headline: "Clinton Weighs Signal / On New Trade Battle / Brewing with Europe." The Administration's decision to levy huge tariffs on the importation of steel products was a shot heard round the world. Mr. Clinton evidently understood himself to have pledged to move along protectionist lines, and already it had been announced that we would raise by 1,000 per cent the tariff on minivans, even though this violates our pledge to GATT. To move toward protectionism at a time when we are attempting to mobilize international opinion against the French farm lobby is an invitation to Smoot–Hawleyism, which is not what one associates with people who were Rhodes scholars and presumably urban sophisticates.

"Now, Tokyo Takes Its Turn / To Yell 'Foul' on Dumping." Japan is aiming at China, but the tuning fork—tariffs—was sounded by Washington. Searching for relief on that front page, the eye turns to a picture. The caption: "Rubble from a destroyed sluice gate in a spillway of the Peruca dam in Croatia that was blasted by Serbian forces." And the headline: "Blasted by Serbs, Dam May Collapse." Twenty thousand people are being moved out of the way. Elsewhere we learned that David Owen and Cyrus Vance have said the hell with it—after five months trying to impose a peace plan on Yugoslavia, they are heading back and throwing the whole thing at the United Nations. Any impulse by the United States to take an active military lead is, to say the least, doused with Russian cold water, the foreign minister having announced that Russia does not wish the U.S. to go any further than it has done. Meanwhile, Germany and France and Great Britain make it clear that their good military offices are available only as auxiliaries to an American initiative. The reader is left with the impression that any decision involving the military will have to wait six months, pending a crystallization of the question whether announced homosexuals can reasonably be expected to advance on an enemy arm in arm with heterosexuals; or vice versa; or something.

One looks for relief at the bottom of the page. "For 2 African States, Breakdown Is Nearly Total." The French ambassador has been shot and killed in Zaïre, along with 45 lesser mortals, and chaos is setting in—the fruit of thirty years under "Marshall" Mobutu, whom this world-watcher, serving for a season as a delegate to the United Nations in 1973, remembers regaling the General Assembly with the scorn he felt for less civilized countries than his own, like the United States. (He traveled to the UN aboard the French superliner, *France*, with one hundred equerries, including his wife's hairdresser and his private photographer.) A few hundred miles south: "Angola 'Worse Than It's Ever Been.'" Eighteen years after the Portuguese were thrown out, a year or two after the Communists were thrown out.



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". . . for those gifts which we are about to receive . . ."

Well, where in Africa is the news good? South Africa? "De Klerk Sees Civil War if Negotiations Fail." It almost has the effect of orienting us toward the Near East in search of tranquillity. But there is the matter of the four hundred deported Palestinians, and the impending vote by the Security Council calling for sanctions against Israel. Clinton can veto that. All he has to do is surrender what good will we have with the Arabs. On page 3 of the paper, "Dialing the White House: Busy, Busy, Busy, Click." Could it be the voters calling? To say, "It's not just the economy, stupid"? □

From the Battlefront

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25

We do not yet have from President Clinton the details of his drug policy, but we must assume from his references to the question in the debate of October 15 that he is determined to be as bellicose as George Bush. In that same debate Mr. Bush took credit for a drop in drug consumption. Unhappily, in a matter of days, he ran into fresh figures from a survey in 34 states in which 212,802 junior-high- and high-school students were interrogated. These findings documented an increase in drug use.

Cocaine was the exception. But the big drop in cocaine use came in 1989, when 4 per cent of the students acknowledged having experimented with it "at least once" during the preceding year, down from 4.6 the year before. The percentage for 1991 was 3.3, a slight improvement over the preceding year, which was 3.4. But in the two other major categories, the war was going badly. On the Hallucinogens Front, the figure for 1988 was 4.4 per cent, and for 1991, 5.3 per cent. On the Inhalants Front, for 1988 it was 5.1 per cent, for 1991, 5.5 per cent.

And then just as we were settling down to take some comfort from the reduced use of cocaine, a report came in from Health and Human Services' Drug

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Abuse Warning Network. This report is compiled from a nationwide sample of hospitals and is considered a key indicator for trends among hard-core drug abusers. The number of cocaine-related hospital emergencies jumped 34.8 per cent during the first three months of 1992, and in doing so reached record levels. And from the disconsolate chief of staff of the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy, Terence J. Pell: "This shows the hard-core [drug] problem is as bad as ever."

That didn't surprise New York's former Police Commissioner Lee Brown, who said, "I look at the message coming out of Washington that we're winning the war on drugs and I don't know what city they're talking about. It's certainly not New York City." In a roundup last spring in the *New York Times*, Joseph Treaster added: "It also does not appear to be Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, or any other big city." Looking at the problem on a larger scale he writes, ". . . national surveys show middle-class cocaine use on the decline; it has dropped 22 per cent since 1988. But federal officials say 6.4 million Americans used it last year. Marijuana use has seen a similar decline from its 1979 peak but is now at roughly the same level among young adults—with about half having tried it—as it was twenty years ago, when war was declared."

Some war. Six and a half million Americans walked right through the barbed wire unscathed. And the reaction from Congress? "It reminds me of that cartoon," remarks Dr. Herbert Kleber, professor of medicine at Columbia University and a former deputy director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy. "This king is slamming his fist on the table, saying, 'If all my horses and all my men can't put Humpty Dumpty together again, then what I need is more horses and more men.' "

But increasingly there are signs of intelligent life, mostly from the medical profession. Dr. John P. Morgan of CCNY's Medical School is an intensively educated student of drug abuse. His essay in a recent book published by the Hoover Institution (*Searching for Alternatives—Drug-Control Policy in the United States*) is titled "Prohibition Was and Is Bad for the Nation's Health."

Dr. Morgan explores the entire scene, and then makes a recommendation. "I would completely decriminalize marijuana tomorrow." He goes on to specify: a legal marijuana cigarette could be purchased by "those over age 18 with certain restrictions at the time of sale. The use of legal marijuana would be accompanied by strong penalties for driving under its influence. The benefits would be profound. At no cost in increased toxicity, there would be 600,000 to 700,000 fewer arrests in America . . . Those millions of Americans who would safely use the drug would no longer be exposed to criminals to obtain it."

Dr. Morgan sees us fighting a war because we deem it holy when in fact "U.S. drug policy is best described as perverse. It promotes what it wishes to stop—the corruption of youth—and it helps those it wishes to punish—retail and wholesale marketers of drugs."

But of course President Clinton will redeclare our war on drugs. □

The Call of Public Service

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27

As the crowds move into Washington and the crowds move out of Washington there are sounds of weeping and of laughing. To wish to remain in Washington for the purpose of keeping the barbarians at bay is one thing. To wish to be there in order to govern is another. The differences are worth reflecting upon.

I know people (not a lot) who go around saying things like, "Public service is the great opportunity in life." Those who feel this are of two kinds, and the distinction is critical. The person who devotes himself to public service, defined as missionary work in Burma, or Red Cross service in Somalia, or any of the hundred different activities that can be done in a community to help those who need help: they are the public servants who are truly admirable. It is a pity that one so seldom hears about them. Oh, maybe the man who founded the Red Cross (what was his name?), or the one who began the Jesuit order. Mostly they are anonymous men and women, and their gratification is in serving their fellow men and their God.

But "giving your life to public service" these days is generally intended to describe an ambition to serve in political office. Tip O'Neill was asked what was it that, having left Washington, he missed most. He replied without hesitation: "Power."

Power. That is the great aphrodisiac. Granted, our legislators get pretty fair pay these days. But back before the Reform Acts in Great Britain, there was no pay to speak of for members of Parliament. But there were long lines of men who wished to "serve" the public. As often as not, those men in public service are engaged in doing great disservice: until 1807 the British continued to authorize the trade in slaves. I deeply wish that Lyndon Johnson had gone in for real estate instead of government.

At the extreme, of course, there are the forthright tyrannies. Usually there is organized government behind the concentrated ugliness of power. Of the 220 million people killed during the twentieth century, 155 million were killed by their own governments. The Nazis killed more Germans than did the Allies. Ask how many Germans were killed by Hitler, Russians by Stalin, Chinese by Mao, and one quickly gets the idea.

That is the harsh end of government. At the softer end you have the governor who attempts to do something beneficent for his subjects but ends by doing them a disservice. The national debt is the accumulated excess of government spending over government income. The deficit has risen to the point where, adding in other taxes, Americans work full time for government until the 5th of May, when they begin to work for themselves. One hundred twenty-four days. Enthusiasts for government will list the benefits: free schooling, health care, the lot. Well, the slavemasters also provided food and lodging and medical care.

Government is of course necessary, but in a season where the Religious Left (the happy designation of Fran Liebowitz, referring to the aggregations that surround Mr. Clinton) is in a delirium of enthusiasm about what the new government is going to do for us, it pays to remind ourselves that we are in the hands of men and women who love power. They mainline on it. What can we do today for the American citizen? ("The government can do something for the people only in proportion as it can do something to the people."—T. Jefferson.) How can we get more taxes from him? What next can we forbid him to do? Require him to do?

The joy of the cadet entering West Point to do public service is wholly understandable. He is there to do as he is told, in defense of the policies his country devises. But it pays to remember that the "defense policies" of many countries in many centuries have made of a nation's armies primarily shooting squads, because the men who command those armies are mostly predators. Our governors are, for the most part, the enemy. The government, John Adams wrote, "views every contingency as an excuse to enhance power in itself." That was almost two hundred years ago. How right he was. Our enemy, the state. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Damnyuppies

THE LATEST New South—the eighth by my count—is coping with another trauma. This time it's the invasion of Damnyuppies, whose lust for "relocating" (they never say "move") is turning our gothic paradise into a homogenized Sunbelt.

If Oakland has no *there*, Damnyuppies have no *from*. Whatever ethnic background they once possessed has faded with the geographical and psychological distance they have put between themselves and their origins. Most of them seem to have no distinctive traits, habits, or accents—just master's degrees. Higher education, which bestows mobility, has made Damnyuppies *fromless*. If anyone wishes to say, "That's what America's all about," now is the time to say it.

Southerners, perhaps the only Americans still capable of homesickness, can now experience it without leaving home. Damnyuppies are why Southern towns now have Neighborhood Watch to stamp out the crime that used to be stamped out by watchful neighbors. Damnyuppies are why "Mall" is now capitalized, like Golgotha, and why it has replaced the bus station as a good-ole-boy hangout: the bus station has been torn down to make room for a brand-new "Old Town."

Perpetually searching for instant traditions and the quick 'n' easy identity they call the "New You," Damnyuppies display a paradoxical urge to feed off Southern uniqueness on the one hand, and reject it on the other. Take, for example, their linguistic voyeurism. If a Southerner makes an idiomatic reference to the subtle regional hierarchies known as "ordinary, common, and trash," the Damnyuppie gets that lean, hungry look and asks him to explain the difference.

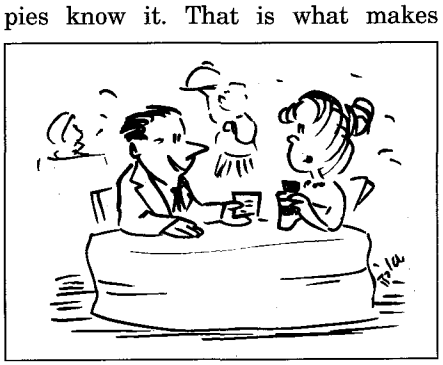
Ever polite, the Southerner complies, "If you have a beat-up ole car in yore yard, but it runs, you're ordinary. If you have a beat-up ole car in yore yard and it won't run, you're common. But if you have *pieces* of a beat-up ole car in yore yard, you're trash."

A few days later, expect to see a letter-to-the-editor pleading for more sensitivity to what Damnyuppies call "socio-economic status."

Damnyuppies secretly fear Southern *excess*, as well they might. In *Colonel Effingham's Raid*, Berry Fleming says that this trait is rooted in topology; lacking the breathtaking scenic views of the New England coast or the mountainous West, we atone for our humble red clay and commonplace sand hills by substituting breathtaking characters.

I think Southern excess is rooted in our earliest history. The Pilgrims got good Indians but we got bad Indians. Our ancestors had bleeding heads—not bleeding hearts—from being scalped. They died like flies of famine—not hunger, famine. They fell victim to madness—not neurosis, madness—from living on the edge of a wilderness as sultry as black velvet and not knowing what might happen next. The only way to relieve such tension is to do something outlandish—i.e., *that's* what happened next.

Southerners are no different from anyone else, it's just that we do things that never seem to happen in Nebraska and Connecticut. The only shade of grey we ever produced is the Confederate uniform, and Damnyuppies know it. That is what makes them nervous. They never know what we might do.



"I'm not like other guys. Give me an inch and I'll take a yard, tops!"

"What will the South do?" has ever been the leading question in American political life. What will the South *do* if Lincoln is elected? What will the South *do* if Geraldine Ferraro is nominated? What will the South *do* if Ross Perot runs? The clot of primaries called "Super Tuesday" grew out of the conviction that the South was bound to *do* something, and so, unable to stand the suspense, politicians came up with Super Tuesday to find out what we would *do* before we did it.

Handed the historical role of reacting, we performed it so well, and with such undiluted joy, that the rest of the country is secretly disappointed whenever we seem to settle down. I am convinced that the reason for the current fascination with earthquakes, hurricanes, and meteors is that the South hasn't *done* anything lately.

THE PRESENCE of Damnyuppies in our midst has given an interesting new twist to Southern graciousness and hospitality. Now that our towns are being swallowed up by interstate highways and metropolitan areas, a new kind of letter-to-the-editor has been cropping up with suspicious frequency in local newspapers.

They are lavishly worded paeans from grateful commuters who have been saved from various fates by native good samaritans. Stalled motorists get help from farmers and hunters, who stop and fix their cars for them right on the road. One obviously awestruck motorist wrote in praise of a samaritan who drove all the way to Napa to buy him a new fan belt, drove back and installed it, and refused to accept any payment for his labor. These letters always end with effusions such as, "I didn't think there were people like that left!" and "It proves how much good there is in human nature!"

Well, maybe. Putting aside the possibility that the samaritan was one of those good ole boys who will grab any excuse to go to Napa, what it proves is the strength of the unreconstructed Southern ego. We simply get a kick out of being gracious when it results in an awestruck non-Southerner. That's why the South is the only place in the world where even the working class practices noblesse oblige.

—FLORENCE KING

Miss King's lastest book is With Charity Toward None *(St. Martin's Press).*

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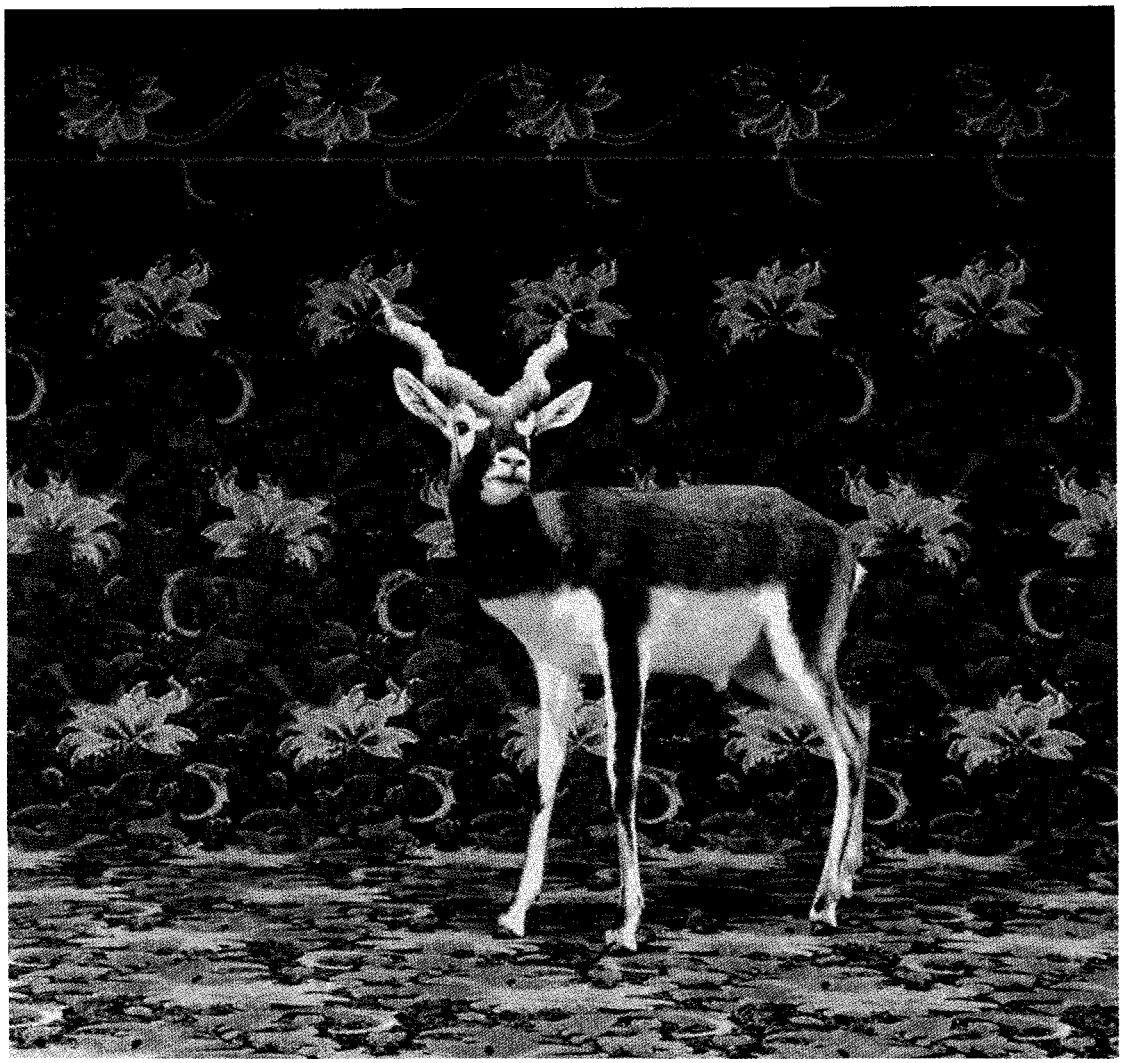

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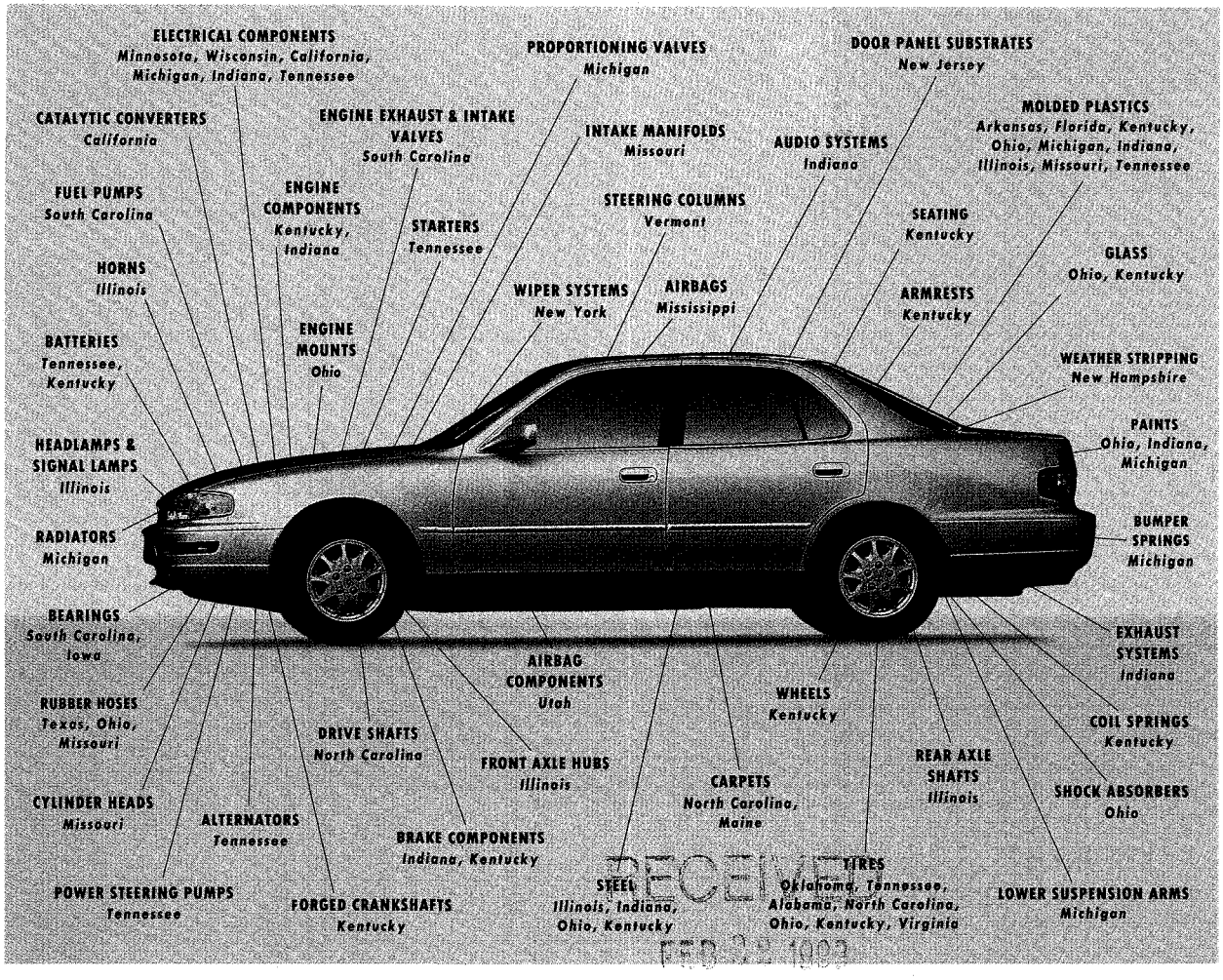

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